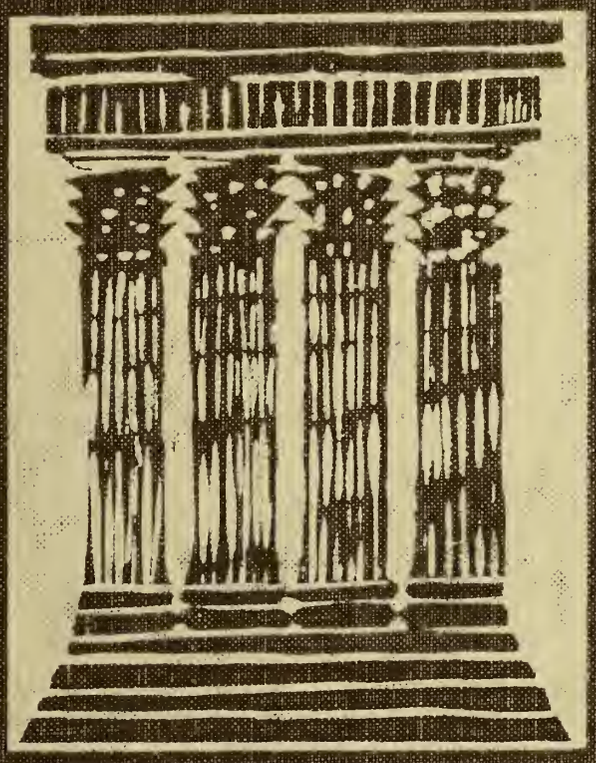
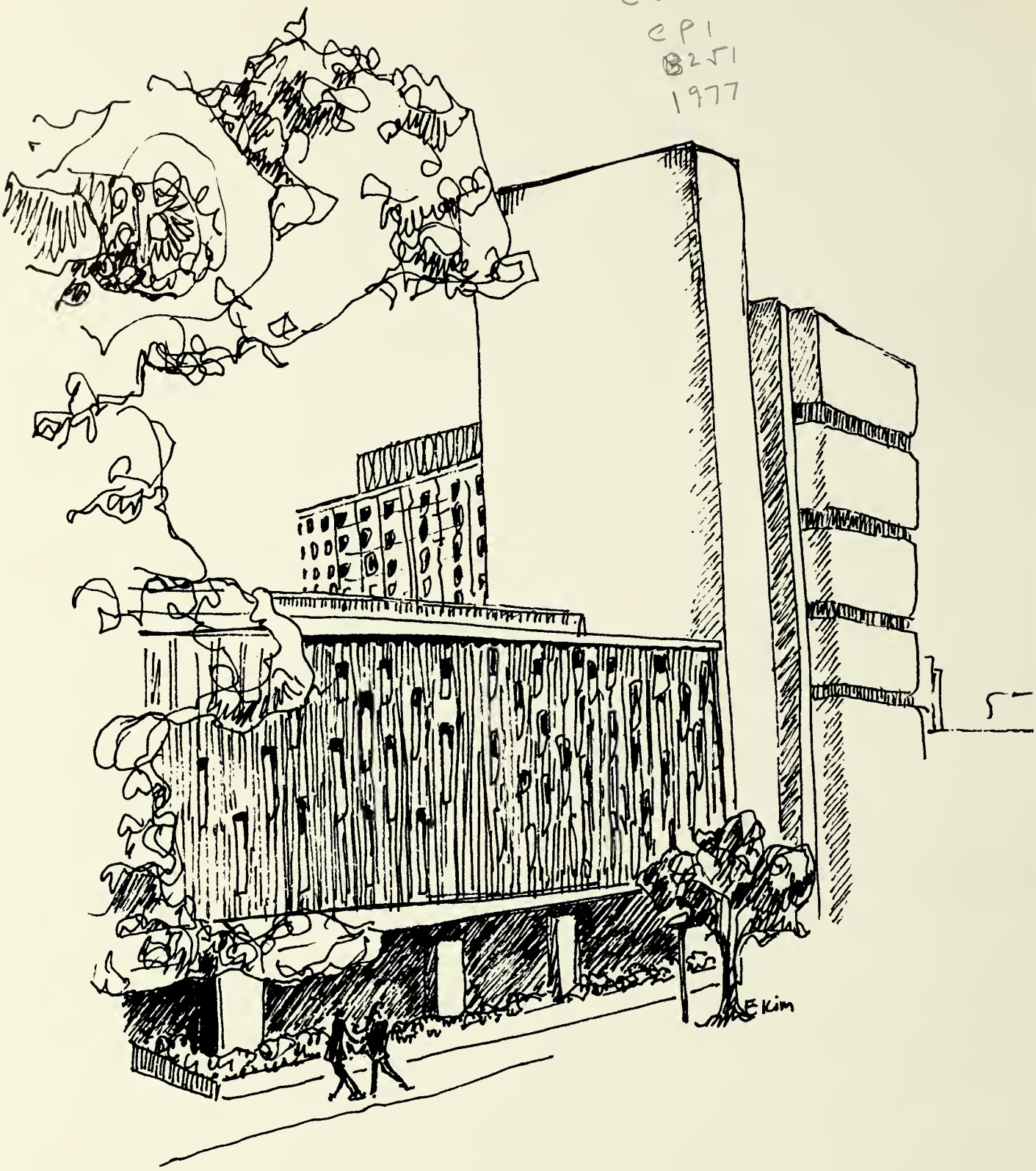


# MORTARBOARD '77

# Barnard College


# Mortarboard 1977




"Where do you go to school?"

"Barnard."

"Where?"

"It's the female part of Columbia."

You answer wearily, one more time, and wish to God they'd finally get it right. But you kind of understand. After all, you thought more of going to Columbia yourself, a year or two or three back. It's only when you've been here a while that you begin to recognize the importance of a women's school — of Barnard — and of being a woman, after all.

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Place an individual in a closed environment for four years and she will, of necessity, form numerous relationships — with the college administrator who employs her in her work-study job, with the professors for whom she reals off pages and pages of typed matter, and the guy behind the counter at Mama Joy's who sometimes gives her an extra pickle.

And then there are the friends. They usually come in two categories: male and female. And though she often finds herself going through periods of time when she foresakes friend for lover, she really does know her priorities.

Lovers represent the temperal, the ephemeral. They are as lovely as the shined brass door handles on Hamilton and the crown-bedecked blue cloths unfurled on Low, gracing the Columbia campus each Commencement. As lovely to look at as the ivy on Barnard Hall, as the flowers before Milbank's marble columns.

But like the embellishments, lovers fade. Friends remain behind, waiting, as steady and reliable and comforting as the buildings themselves — without their seasonal adornments.

Sisterhood is powerful? In unity there is strength? She laughs at the catch phrases, almost annoyingly common now. But she wouldn't try to deny them. For if the Barnard student leaves with anything, she leaves with her friends.


*Barnard and Columbia Students*

TICKETS AVAILABLE NOW

*for the*

# Inauguration

of

# Jacquelyn Mattfeld

*as President of Barnard College*

NOVEMBER 5

3:00 PM

RIVERSIDE CHURCH

*These free tickets can be picked up from Mrs. Loud at 119 Milbank or Mrs. Patell at 210 McIntosh (upper level)*

RECEPTION

IN HONOR OF

THE PRESIDENT OF BARNARD COLLEGE

NOVEMBER 5, 1976

BARNARD HALL

immediately following the inauguration ceremony

ADMIT ONE

INAUGURATION OF THE PRESIDENT

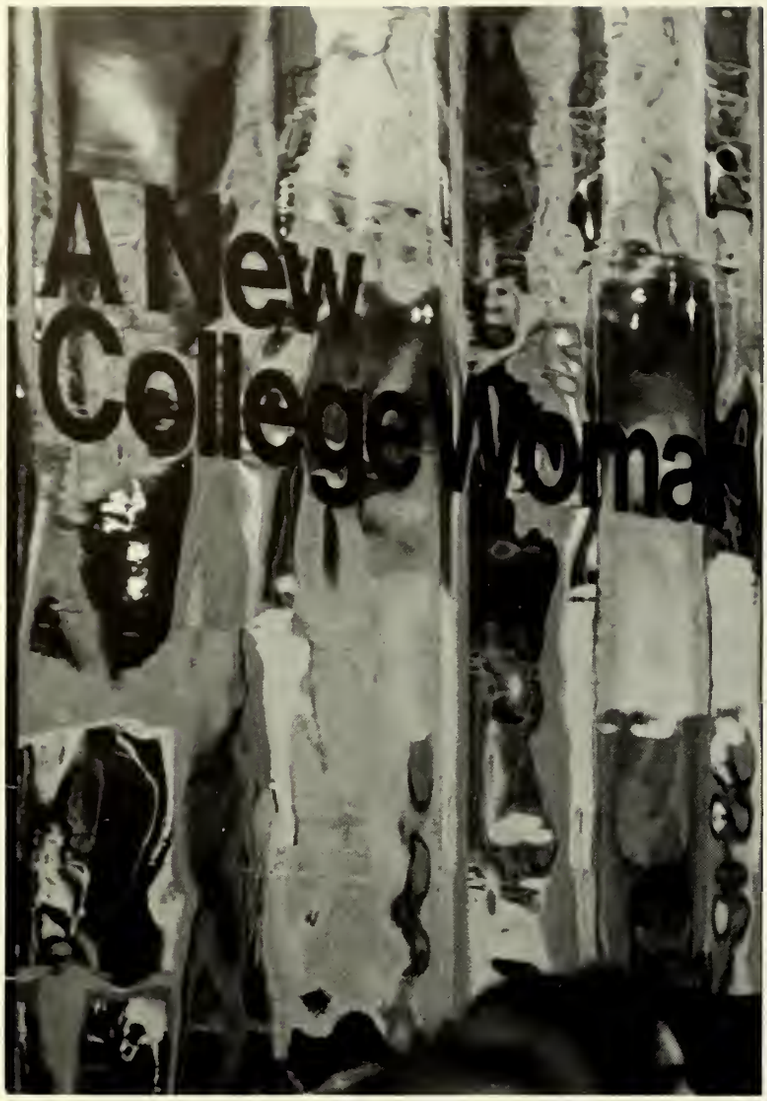
OF BARNARD COLLEGE

NOVEMBER 5, 1976 • 3:00 P.M.

THE RIVERSIDE CHURCH

Guests will find it convenient to be in their places
at 2:45 P.M., before the Academic Procession begins.

RESERVED SECTION




Why should we be any different? And why shouldn't we expect to see others follow us?

At the panel discussions in the morning, prominent women educators pondered the question of women's education. Does it serve a purpose, what are its effects, they asked, and how can we best continue to serve? The final consensus was a positive one, the conclusion reached that women today are offered an infinite variety from which to choose. Barnard represents yet another option — that of a small, women's school within the context of a large coeducational, research oriented institution — and must continue to provide for the women who wish to avail themselves of such an education. Barnard women can have the best of two worlds — the competition of a male dominated environment, or the nurturing warmth of the companionship of women.

Holding President Mattfeld's inauguration in Riverside Church, amid the splendid glow from the stained glass and rich hue of wooden pews was of almost religious significance to Barnard. It was a reaffirmation of our identity, a reassertion of our purpose, and a restatement of the fact that we plan to be around for a very long time.

"Despite the long and until recently amicable history of the two institutions," Mrs. Mattfeld said in her speech, "it remains mystifying that the present agreement should have had to be negotiated as though a treaty after war . . . instead of through the more appropriate style of dialogue which has (as) its base, the pursuit of reason."

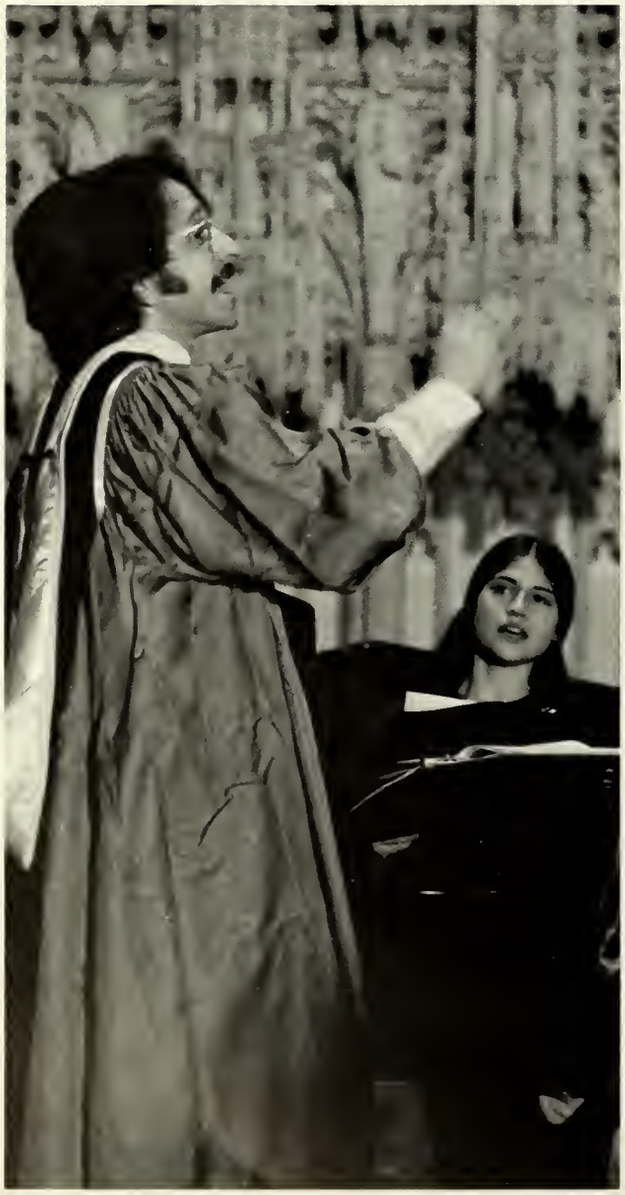
The pursuit of reason. Barnard's motto, and a course of action we feel worth continuing on, an intention the inauguration well reflected.

Barnard students could take pride in their college throughout the day. Whether they were present at the morning's panel discussions, in Riverside Church to see Mrs. Mattfeld receive the seal of the president or to hear the invocation and benediction delivered by two recent Barnard graduates, or at the reception in the gaily decorated gym afterwards, they felt a closeness, a unity, a sense of purpose. All around were successful Barnard graduates, women with careers, interests, roles to play in the world.

Prepared statements are expectedly smooth and quote-worthy, but one of the day's best comments came extemporaneously during one of the morning's panel discussions from Mary Ann Lofrumento of Undergrad.

"Even though the original purpose of setting up the Seven Sisters was to provide an education for women that wasn't available anywhere else," she said, "that purpose has changed. Now we need women's schools more than ever. Women are awakening now and learning what they have to do . . . . The colleges must provide a different education that will enable them to make it in the world."

Barnard College has attempted to do just that since it opened in 1889. President Mattfeld's inauguration signified our intention to continue as long as women and society require and desire our service.




*The Inauguration of*

# JACQUELYN ANDERSON MATTFELD

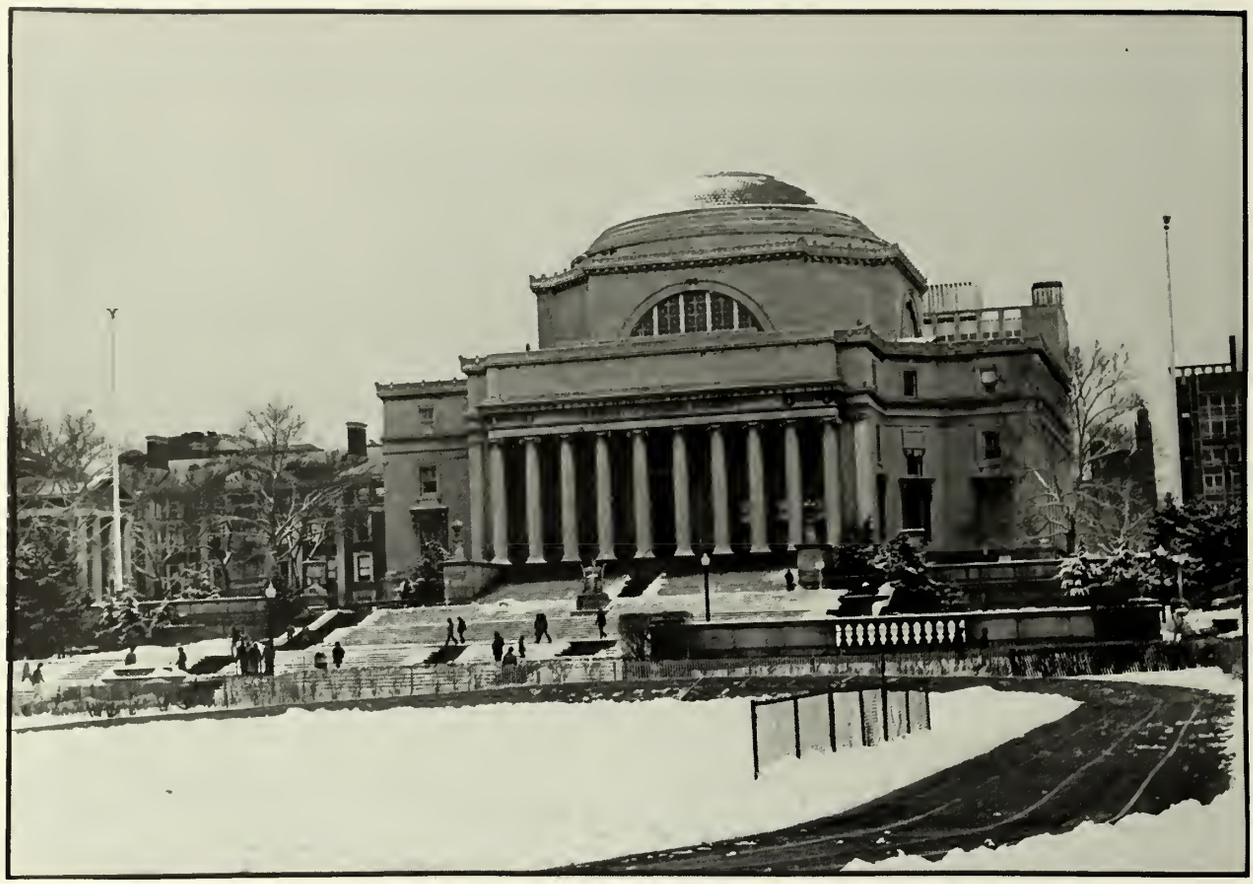
*as President*

*of*

BARNARD COLLEGE

NOVEMBER FIFTH
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-SIX

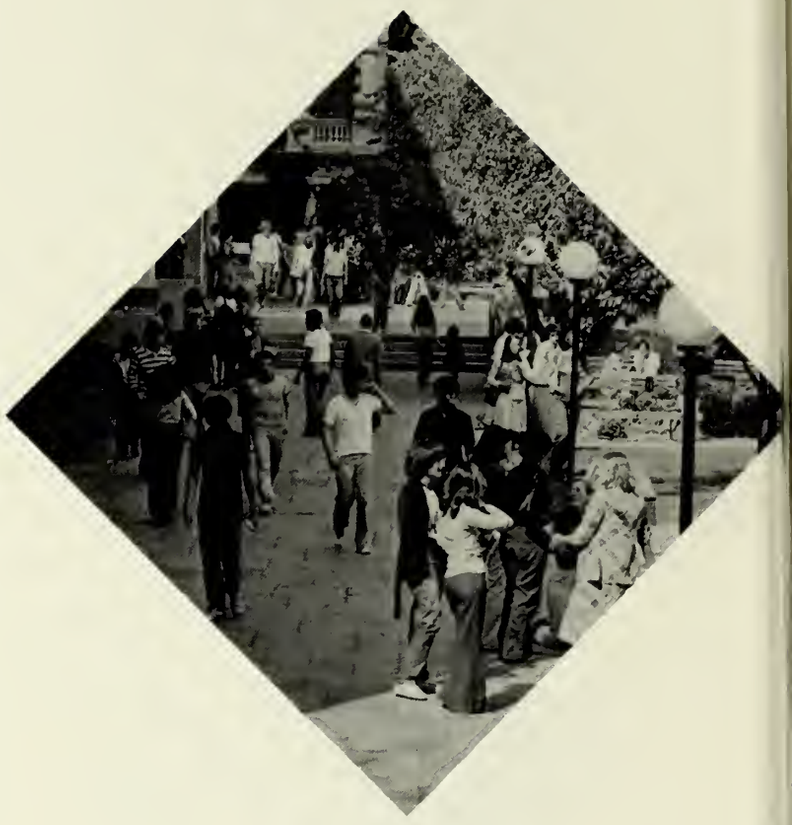

BARNARD




KIM

"Welcome to the Columbia-Barnard meat market," the graffiti scrawl read,
A wry commentary on the officially (and naively) sanctioned Freshman Orientation.
Those who participate (those who sanction, too) agree that the butcher terminology
Is an apt expression for the contrived situations, the stilted conversations.
Friday: One thousand scared freshmen, similar expressions on pale faces,
Pushed on the floors of unfamiliar dorms.
Try to sleep in a stifling room and Oh, God, it's tough being a commuter, especially in this room, horrid totally primitive no other way to describe it the bed'll probably break I think the closet door already has and it's so damn hot here I wish I had a roommate so stupid of them not to provide any and praise the Lord I am only a commuter hate to live here never survive it will I even survive the weekend the food alone is enough to kill wish I were still in high school still in Brooklyn should've gone to Brooklyn like everybody else and and . . .
And there are people here with whom I discuss Watergate, sprawled on the yellowed grass of South Field.
People who comment on Eliot's intentional use of symbolism. on cummings' lyric verse.
As we stroll to John Jay for lunch.
The floor parties are truly the sadistic notion of some confident upperclassman.
Crammed on the eight floors of Hewitt, Brooks, or Reid, (did the girls really lock themselves in their rooms last year, as the rumor goes?)
No one is comfortable, with the scent of mingled Schaeffer and sweat heavy in the air.
The sangria is warm, the conversation cold, but the air is clear in the shadow of Alma Mater.
I catch myself saying words I've never said before.
Such terminology should be primarily reserved for the writing of scholarly dissertations and such, don't you agree?
Not for the floors of Ferris Booth Hall, but we all see our pseudo-intellectual tendencies.
We accept it, and we laugh.
Idle talk on endless lines, and meaningless chatter at McIntosh's Open House.
"What did I do in school today, Mommy?"
Finger paints and Spin-Art, and a pie eating contest that became a pie throwing contest,
And guess who had a front seat?
Apple pie on clothing and giggles in the dorm.
Grin. A sponsor with a torn tee shirt and a crinkling smile. (Why are they all so much cuter than the freshies?)
A guy from Boston who hates the Celtics, but kind of likes our Yankees, so I guess he's all right.
And everyone sharing the Sunday Times in Carman's blessedly air-conditioned lounge.
The band has a good beat (though their voices are flat)
And I try to convince a cynic from Oregon that he's missing so much through his idealistic loss.
I cannot find the words (not the right ones, anyway).
Surrender in a hapless sigh, and it really doesn't matter.
This room isn't so bad after all.
And maybe this place isn't either.
Monday: Suitcases packed, rooms vacated, the elevator down for the last time.
With murmured good-byes, I think of going home.
And yet, as I trip down the cobbled paths,
My glance traveling from Milbank's sun-warmed marble to McIntosh's cool plate glass,
To linger on the aged ivy trailing the walls of Barnard Hall, I wonder if I'm going home at all.

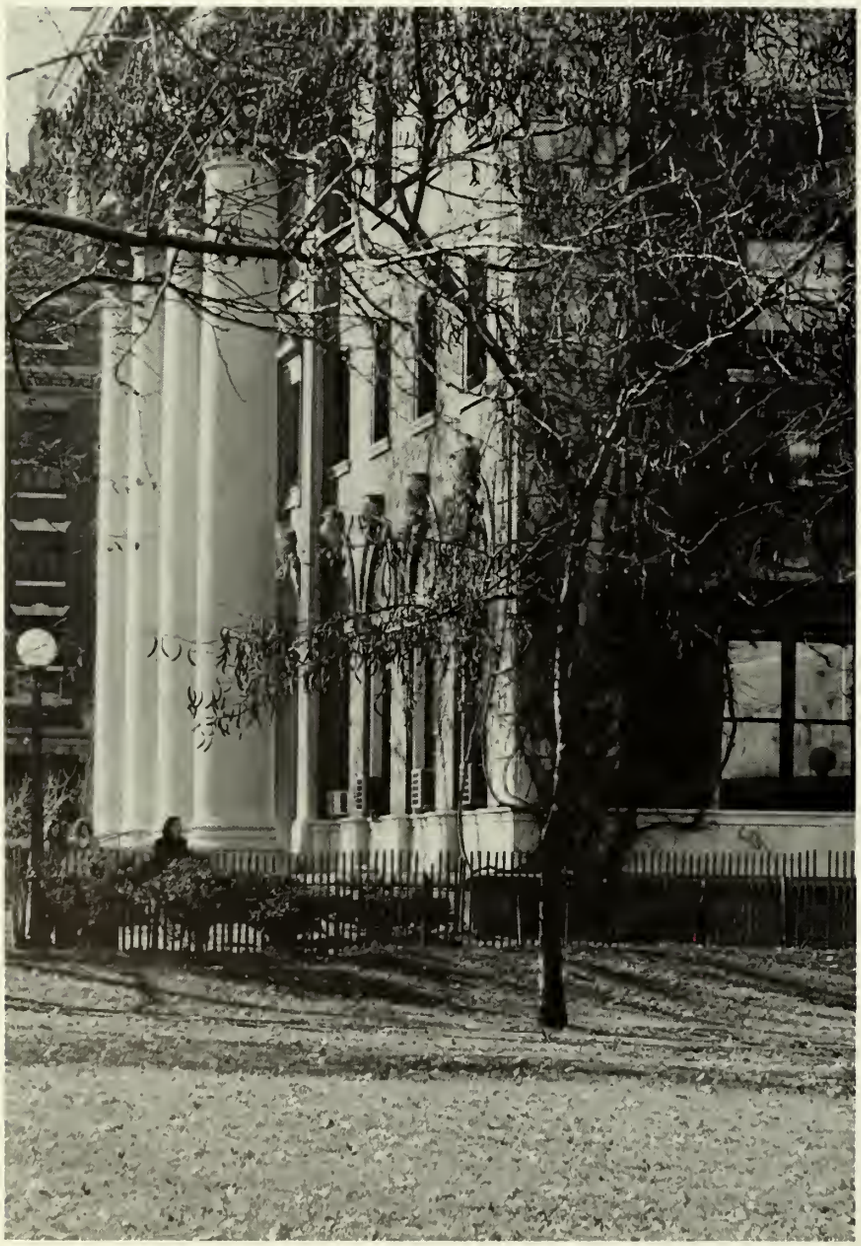
— Jacqueline Laks



One gets a strange feeling returning to campus after a long vacation. The buildings are obviously the same — Barnard and Altschul. But somehow, the ivy seems fresher and fuller — McIntosh's shimmering plate glass windows reflect more light — and the geraniums in the central circle before Milbank are growing, after all. One doesn't even mind tripping on the stairs from Mac to Milbank or getting pebbles in one's shoes crossing the BHR courtyard if it means coming home.

I suppose I should be studying, but frankly, a seat at one of the library's plastic desks just isn't the best spot. The view is too distracting: students rushing to classes in Barnard Hall, and mostly, just people lounging on the grass. Nice grass. Warm and sunny and soft. Nice campus. Nice day. Too nice to work? Isn't it usually??

I never liked 9 a.m. classes and I especially don't now when it means rushing from John Jay to Milbank for early morning German. I invariably leave Columbia half asleep, but by the time I've crossed Broadway and am passing Lehman, the wind whipping my face has at least a partial effect on my state of awareness. Do this many people really take 9 o'clock classes, I wonder. But then, the administrators have to get to their offices by that time too. So we huddle deeper in our coats and hurry north together.



In my younger and more vulnerable years my father gave me some advice that I've been turning over in my mind ever since.

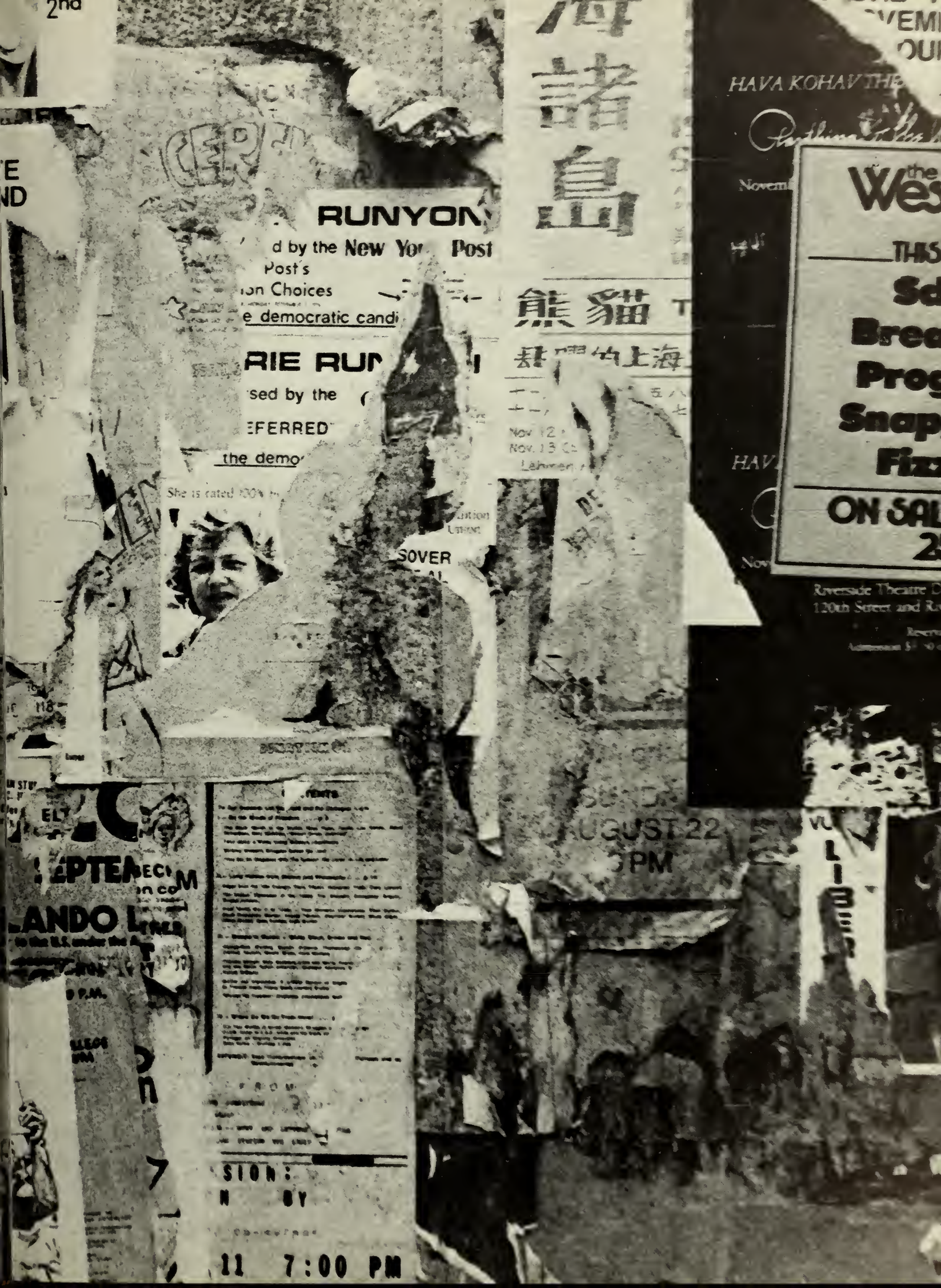
"Whenever you feel like criticizing any one," he told me, "just remember that all the people in this world haven't had the advantages that you've had."

— F. Scott Fitzgerald

# THE CAMPUS IN THE PAST . . .

# BEAUTY


Free Puerto Rico!
Free the 5 Nationalist Prison
FOR PELTIER
October
felt forum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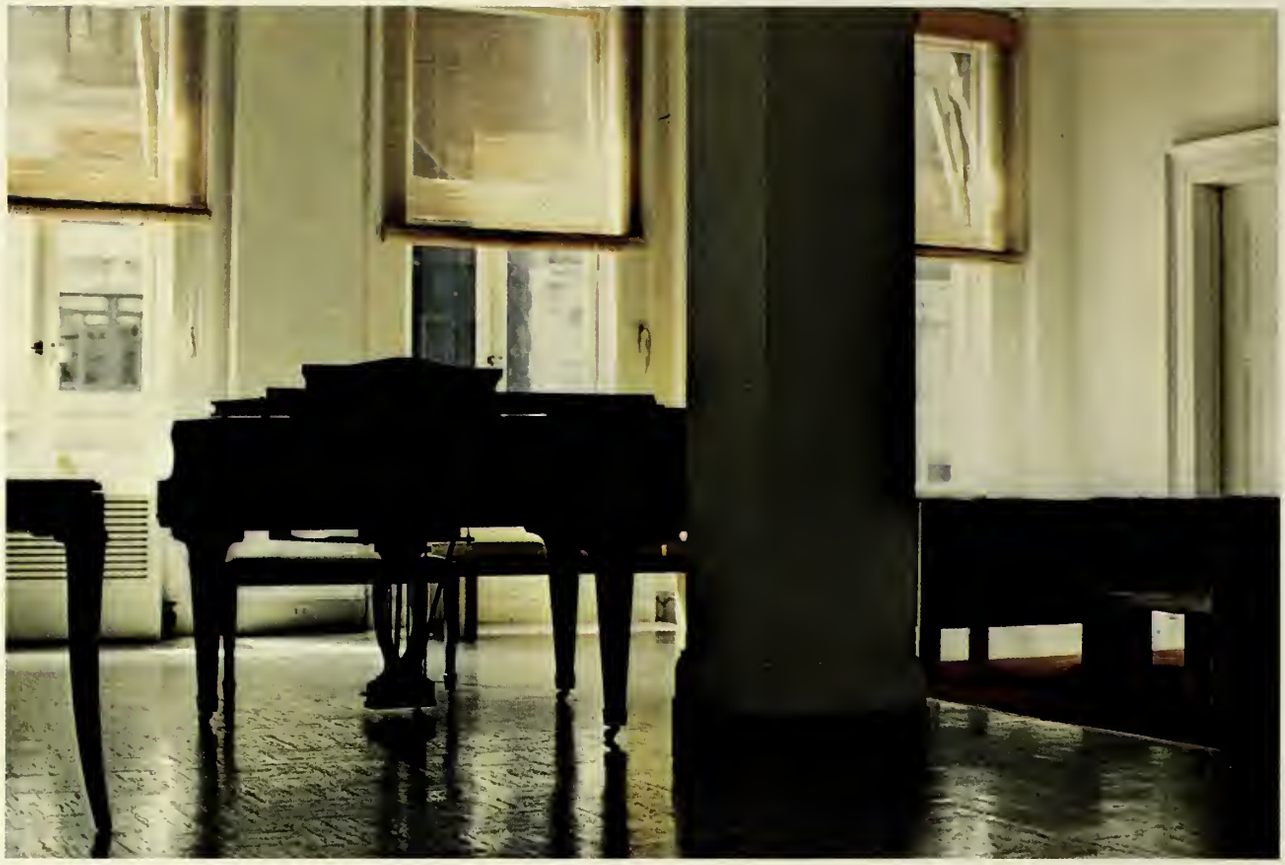



MILBANK HALL
ANDREA SHEPARD


WHO OWNS
NEW YORK ?


31


2913
CURRENT HARDCOVERS
SALE
DR. SEUSS
SALE
1/2 PRICE


CARDS STATIONERY TOYS
TOBACCO NOTARY PUBLIC
2845 STATIONERY · TOYS · NOTARY PUBLIC 2845
176
Kentucky Fried Chicken


Mondel
home made
Chocolates
PAPYRUS


TECH
hifi
tech hifi
CLEANERS
ICE CREAM
TYPEWRITERS & STATION
INCOME TAX


FLORIST
FLORIST
FRANKS
BURGERS


KET
KEYSTO
ETABLE


The New York Times

Sitting in a room
Finishing a beer,
Pickles and pizza:
Holiday cheer.

Christmas puppets move jerkily
Across the T.V. screen,
The audience laughs heartily,
For the moment; serene.

Papers and exams —
I know they've got you down,
But it's really not so bad
When you've got friends around.

Friends you can talk to,
Alone or en masse;
Friends to help you up again
When you're flat on your ass.

Friends who share secrets
And cigarettes and beer,
A pal who will listen
When you think no one's there.

We go to the movies,
On Broadway — The Wiz;
We pour through the pages
Of Playgirl and Ms.

You don't know what you've got guys,
For Godssake this is it —
The greatest city in the world;
It's here I really fit.

Oh, I know there are catches
(Like violent crime),
But man, if you want to
You can have a swell time.

BHR brunches,
Parties and dancing,
A handsome lad, all dressed in plaid,
In my direction glancing.

I flash my smile, he struts in style,
For Love I've been aching —
I've got him, Oh I asked for it,
Wham! My heart is breaking.

A college romance blossoms,
Just like an old movie.
I almost have to laugh at it,
And yet, I love him truly.

Don't worry about parting
(We're mature adults),
But Christmas break is almost here —
Four weeks will seem like months!

Sitting up all through the night,
Talking and crying;
Then standing close before the window
To watch the sun rising.

Down over the buildings
He throws his yawning beams,
The first snow is falling
On the city of our dreams.

We walk upstairs to the roof
In the early morning glow,
Our footsteps leave tracks
In the new-fallen snow.

Our breath comes out frosty,
We shiver from the cold;
A tear freezes on my cheek —
Oh Lord, we're growing old.

We look out over the city;
Silver in the dawn,
You kiss my tears and hug me —
Tomorrow you'll be gone.

You think I'm getting sappy?
You're probably right.
You want to do something about it?
I'm ready to fight!

To keep this poem from getting longer,
I guess I'm trying to say,
Your frown makes me down,
Your smile makes my day.

We've all felt sorrow, sometimes joy
— Held it in a glance;
If we can stick together,
We'll have a better chance.

I don't hold that love's the answer
(I'm still a pessimist at heart);
But hell, it couldn't hurt to try,
And it sometimes makes a damn good start.

So my wish to you all
Is a happy new year,
And to all my friends peace, love . . .
Oyez, . . . and beer!

By M.B.W.

A stumbling walk to Uris at just after eight in the morning. Not so early, really, from the view of a Brooklyn commuter taking General Bio at nine — or even from that of the 10:35 lecture-goer. But once you get to be a senior, well, you suddenly find yourself getting up for a one p.m. or a two p.m., or the ever famous four o'clock seminar in Hamilton.

But it's 8:30 for the GREs — the Grees, I like to say (oh, so flippant, and oh, so light. My entire future just happens to depend on those little blackened circles). Eight thirty, as we trudge in line, led like polite second graders across Amsterdam to Law for the actual test.

I hold David's hand tightly, not from the cold — though it is bright and chilly & and not from the nerves — though I'll admit to a few. Basically, though, I hold David's hand because I want to, because I want someone to tell me I don't need an Educational Testing Service admissions ticket, a carefully complete grid of LAKS JACQUELI M and F and 05 16 55 to assure me of who I am and of who I'm supposed to be.

Grad Record Exams? The Grees? Wait a minute. Graduate? And Graduate School?? But I've hardly learned

how to be an undergraduate, much less a departing senior.

But then, I wasn't really ready to be an entering freshman four years ago. I wasn't ready to journey to a new school, to face a mass of unfamiliar faces and feel a place for myself in their midst.

Orientation. Assessing each other across a tightly wedged wall of humanity on 8 Brooks. But what's a floor party for, if not for the mutual appraisal, if not for the quiet assessment, eyebrow slightly raised? But why does he seem to do it so much more than I do? Hell, so what if you go to Columbia. Aren't I good enough for you? I mean, I do go to Barnard.

Which didn't seem to mean too much after three weeks of English A. I don't get it — are they all so smart or am I so dense? Do they really see such subtle points? or is it that their brilliant observations are of mere trifles, are of the pointlessly obvious?

I guess they've learned to play the game a week or two before I do. It's really quite simple, and the name —

I-Go-to-College-Now, or It's-Fun-to-be-Pseudo — tells it quite well. Freshmen pick up on it early and as seen in so many senior seminars, it sticks with you. And it really is simple. Just put on a voice that you think sounds like East Side snob (East Side snobs kindly attempt a stab at Harvard, please), adopt a bored laugh, and drop the right lines, the proper phrases. Economic determinism. Panoramic landscape. Ego-identity. Existential dread. A few names — Yeats or Thucydides or Bakunin — aren't bad either.

Sure, but what have I learned? I've learned to drop the lines and mouth the words. But sitting here faced with finding an antonym for the word PUSILLANIMOUS (I swear, I never even knew the word had a definition, much less an antonym), I realize I don't even know what all the words I voice mean.

I'm not sure if that's my fault or Barnard's. I'm not sure who bears the blame, who has the responsibility for the knowledge I'm supposed to gain, for the knowledge I'm supposed to depart with.

I come away with four years of classes behind me, with four years of reading lists and assignment sheets, yet what I remember are the disparate experiences, the chance smiles and whispers. My first large history lecture, Professor McCaughey in his bright yellow tie. Kate Stimpson running her hands through her hair, gazing upward as she lifts my consciousness higher than I thought possible. My lab T.A. shaking her head as I agree to watch my partner dissect her fetal pig, but refuse to do my own.

Skip 'pusillanimous'. At least the sentence completions are easy.

I do remember libraries — but for what reason? Gossiping on winter days as the wind howls outside Lehman; College Library at three a.m.; and all those evenings in Burgess-Carpenter, watching Pious and the grad students.

Who is to blame for my lack of knowledge, for the difficulty I am now having comprehending a passage of reading comprehension? It could be Burgess. And it could be me.

But who can blame someone for socializing, for trying to build a relationship, a friendship, an iota of warmth from the blank stares one usually receives in response to a South Field smile? No, I'm not trying to pick him up. Is that so hard to understand? I guess so; I mean, I've been thinking of giving up trying . . .

I've already given up on the Lion's Den and McIntosh dances. Happy Hour? The Pub? It's really all the same, just like South Field, just like Orientation. The Columbia-Barnard Meat Market revisited, on a slightly older but no more mature level.

Pity the poor floor counselor, thinking of the myriad times she's heard "But he said he loved me, and now he won't talk to me." And "I saw him with another girl, after all we meant to each other!" And "I don't know what to do." And I'm lonely. And I'm scared . . .

And yes, I guess I am too. After being hurt too many times by too many people I thought I could trust, I'm afraid to start a relationship again, to share my bed and my thoughts and myself once more.

Not to say that I'm not trying — after all, . . . after all?

I look across at David, scratching his nose, and take a rather malicious pleasure that after he breezed through the verbal sections before anyone else, he is having difficulty with the math. Tough. He'll do better than me anyway.

He may not realize it, but we are competing, very definitely. On this test, on our paper grades, and even in the light bantering conversation we throw back and forth. I can be as clever as you can, babe. And as tough and insensitive and cold and cruel, and I can go without calling you for a day . . . or two? . . . just as well as you can. If I sit by the phone, well, you don't have to know. If I miss you when you go up to Boston for the weekend, well, I just won't tell you. And if I've found myself in love with you after all my self-admonitions and warnings, well, . . . well, I won't tell you until I'm sure you won't laugh.

I'm competing for your approval, and in so doing, also fighting a battle with myself. I have to prove that I'm as good as you intellectually, that I can write commensurate prose and conceive of equally subtle abstractions. I guess, in a way, I want to prove I could've made Columbia as well as Barnard.

And so I fight my college's battle with your college on a miniscule, personal level. Are our students as good as yours? But what is a "good" student? Are our standards as high? But define the proper level.

It all goes around and around, and never seems to end. Perhaps that is partially because we argue along parallels, our reasons traveling straight paths that never seem to merge. I refuse to concede that women might be given a fair shake in the College; and you refuse to admit that the very idea of a woman's school is necessary at all.

We shall see if we are indeed equals, ostensibly, at least, when these test scores are reported and we eagerly rip the envelopes open in our sweaty little palms.

And what will it mean then? That I reviewed my math more, that you are better at little circles and #2 pencils?

And I want to go to grad school and so do you. And what will we do when we get there (assuming, of course, we do)? Read more books and mouth more platitudes in more seminar rooms. Will you ever rival Lionel Trilling? And will I develop a new theory of history, one impressive enough to merit me a Memorial Reading Room like Hofstadter's?

I'm not even sure if I really want to.

But I'm not really ready to leave.

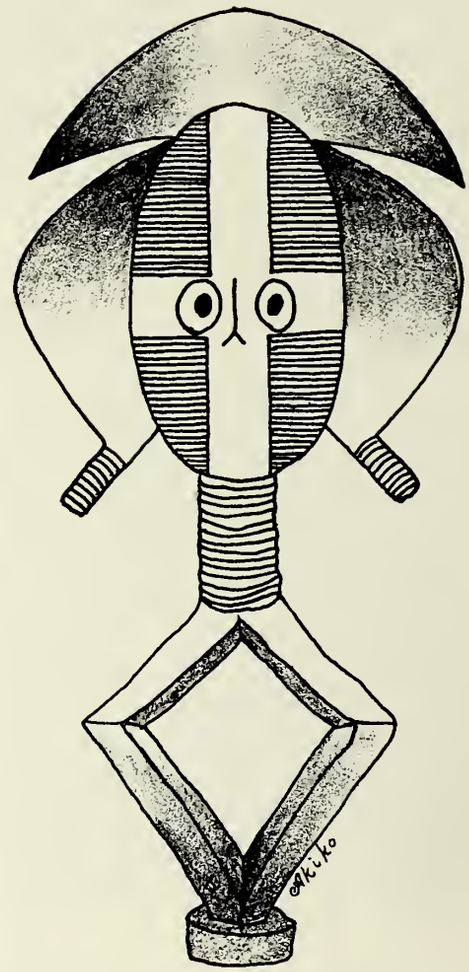
So we walk from the building towards Livingston, and it's only one o'clock, the day has just begun. I'm relieved that the Gree is over but as yet uncertain as to what I will do with it now. I guess I'll apply to Columbia after all. Another year or so to see if I can capture the essence of what I know is here, of what I think I can see . . . but it's gone.

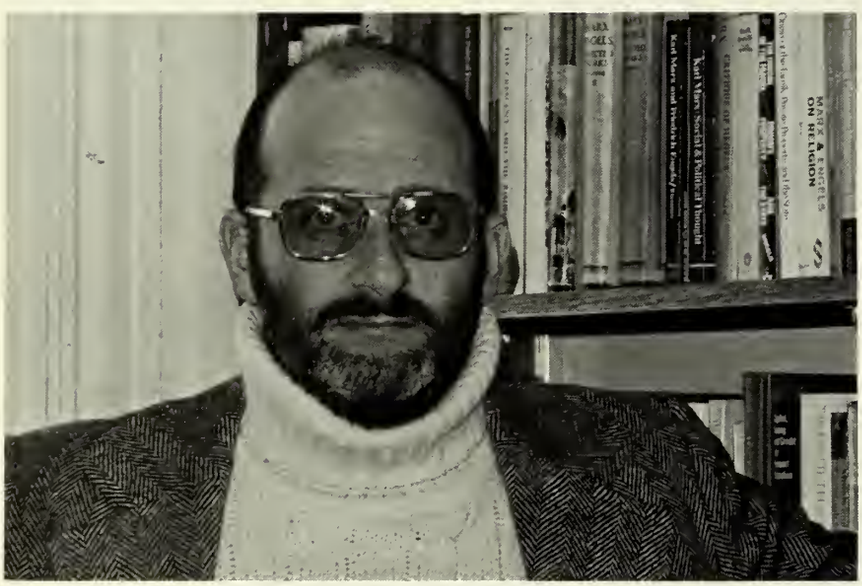
I hold David's hand now not from the cold or the nerves or the need for assurance, but just because I want to. Progress, if nothing else.

— Jacqueline Laks

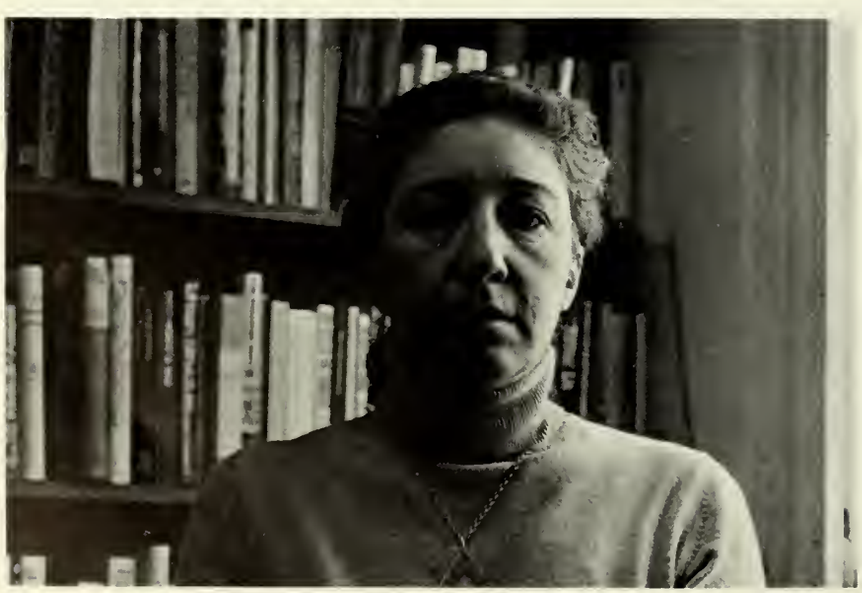
# ANTHROPOLOGY

JOAN VINCENT

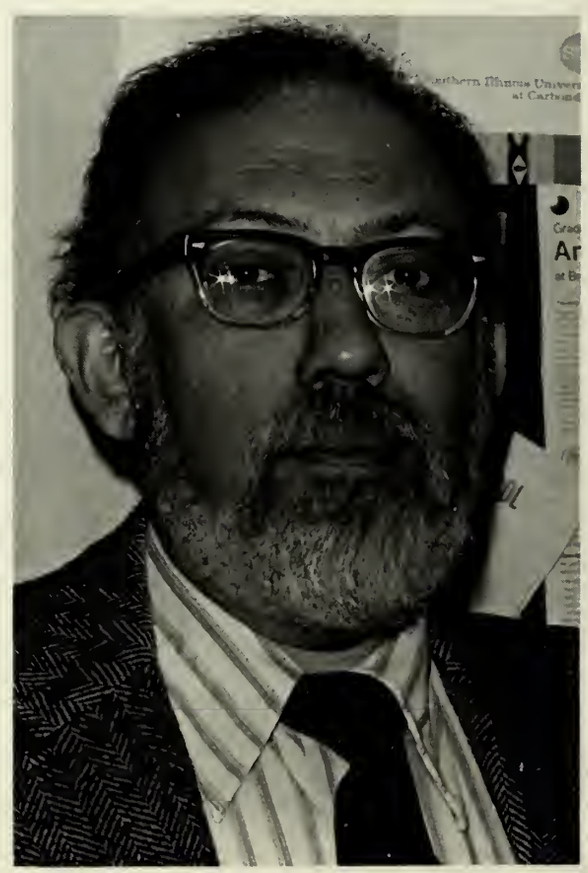



CLIVE KESSLER



PAULA RUBEL



MORTON KLASS

# ART HISTORY

JOSEPH MASHECK

JANE ROSENTHAL

DOROTHEA NYBERG

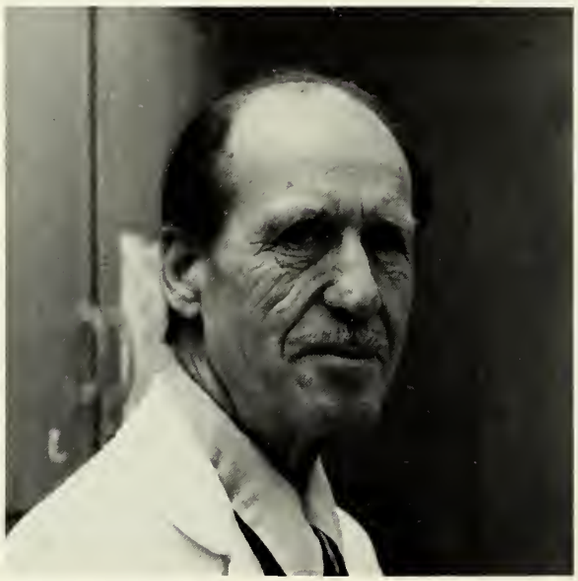
BARBARA NOVAK

JOHN WALSH

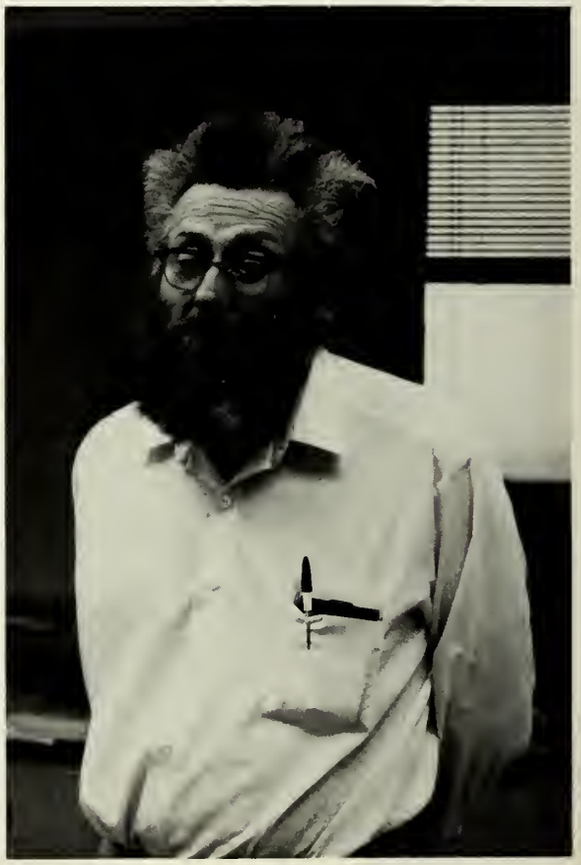
JULIA CHASE

PHILIP AMMIRATO

DONALD RITCHIE

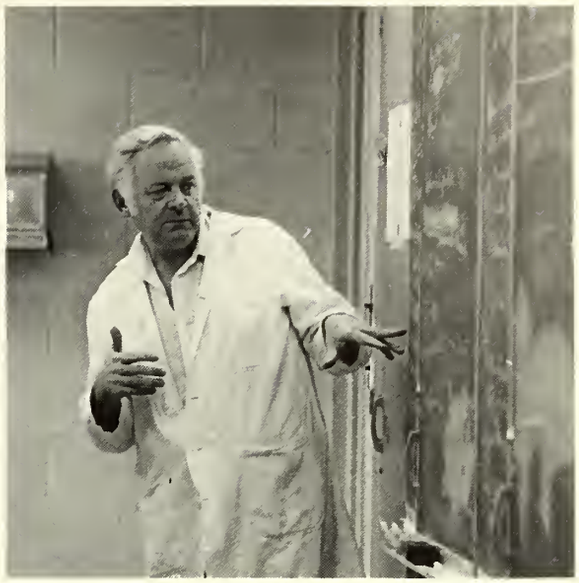


PATRICIA DUDLEY

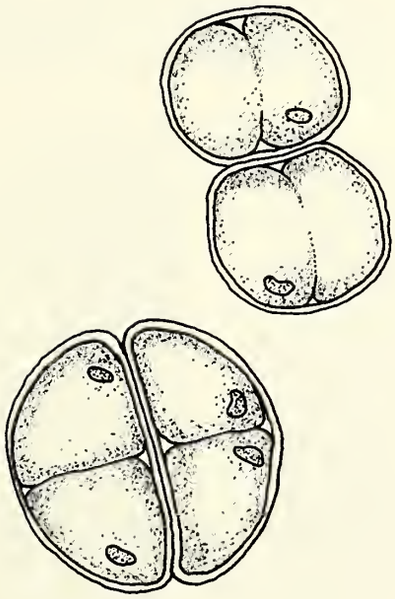


FREDERICK WARBURTON

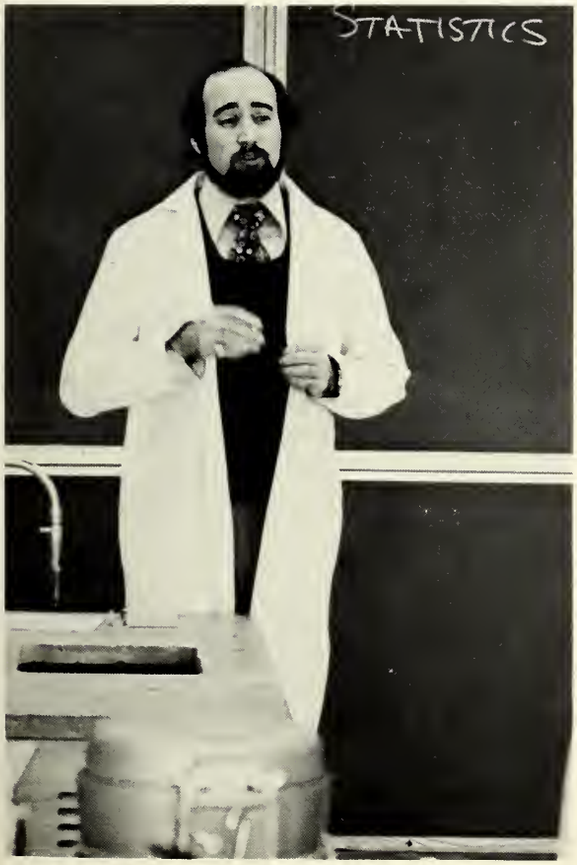
# BIOLOGY



WILLIAM CORPE



MARIA MILLER




MICHAEL LANDAUER

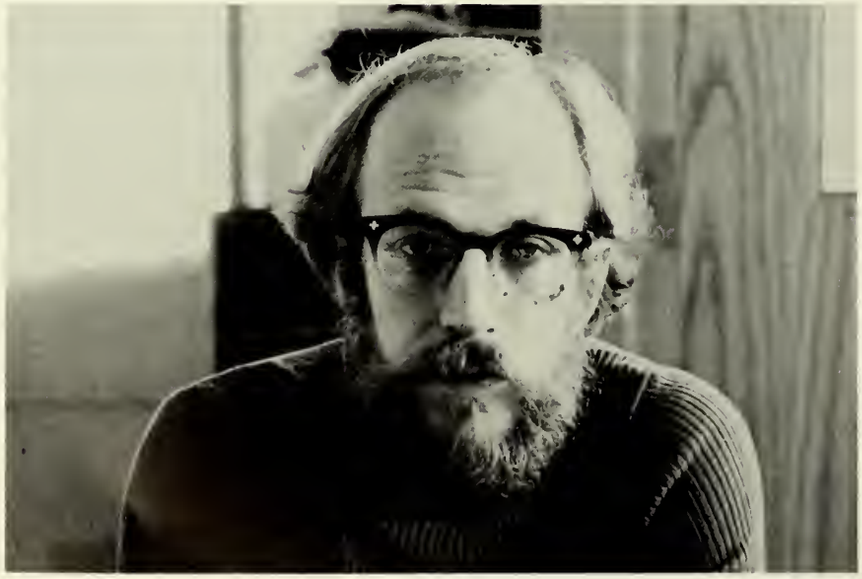
ELEANOR NOBACK

# CHEMISTRY

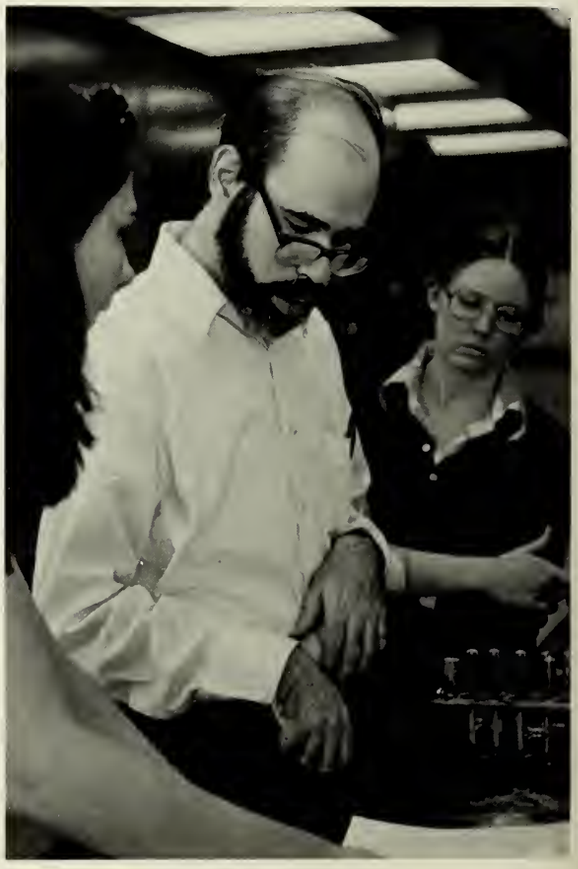
SALLY CHAPMAN

GRACE KING

BERNICE SEGAL



WILSON RADDING



BARRY JACOBSON

# PROGRAM IN THE ARTS


KENNETH JANES

THEATER GROUP

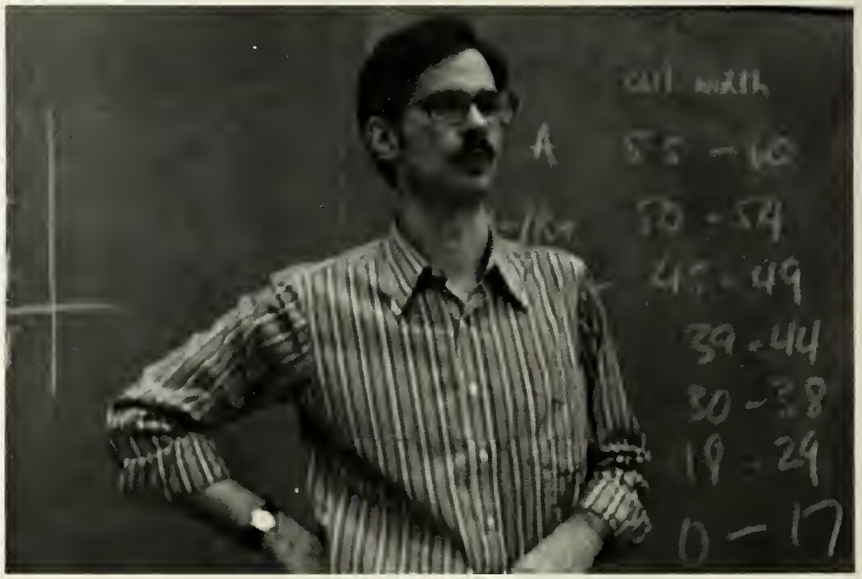
SANDRA GENTER

DAVID HENRY

# ECONOMICS

CYNTHIA LLOYD

SYLVIA HEWLETT



MARK KILLINGSWORTH

DIANE FLAHERTY

DEBORAH MILENKOVITCH

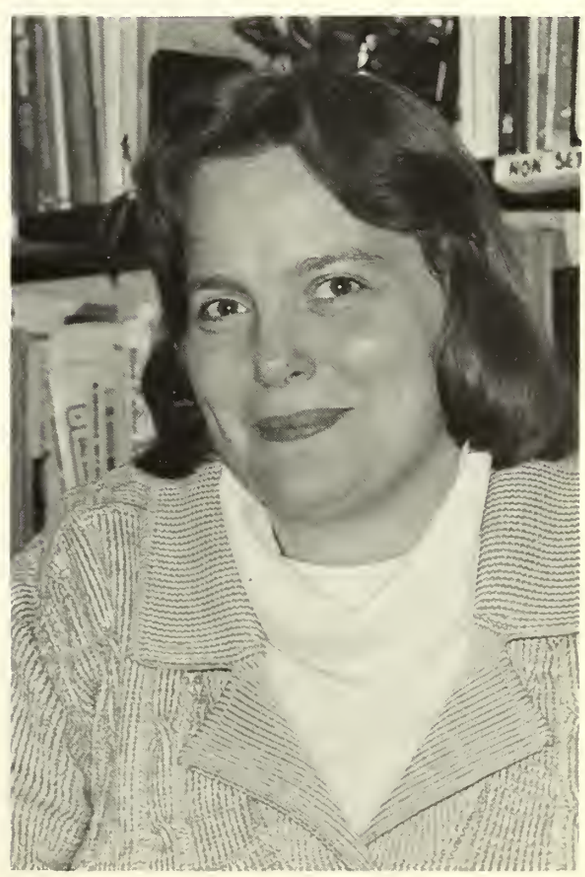
# EDUCATION

SUSAN SACKS

HESTER EISENSTEIN

# EXPERIMENTAL COLLEGE

KATHERINE WILCOX



GISELLE HARRINGTON

# ENGLISH

RICHARD NORMAN

ANNE PRESCOTT

ELIZABETH HARDWICK

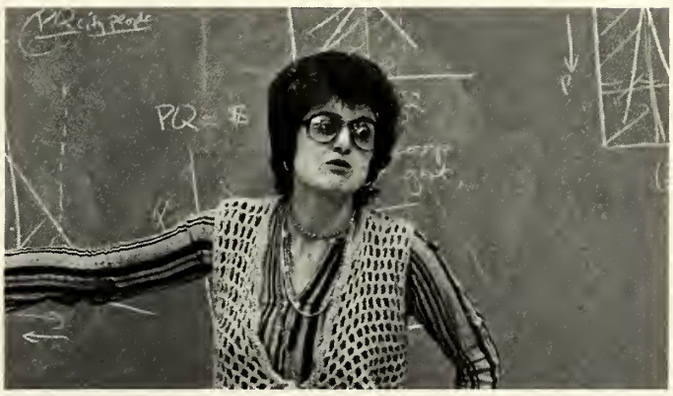
JOY CHUTE

ELIZABETH DALTON

CONSTANCE BROWN

ELIZABETH CAUGHRAN

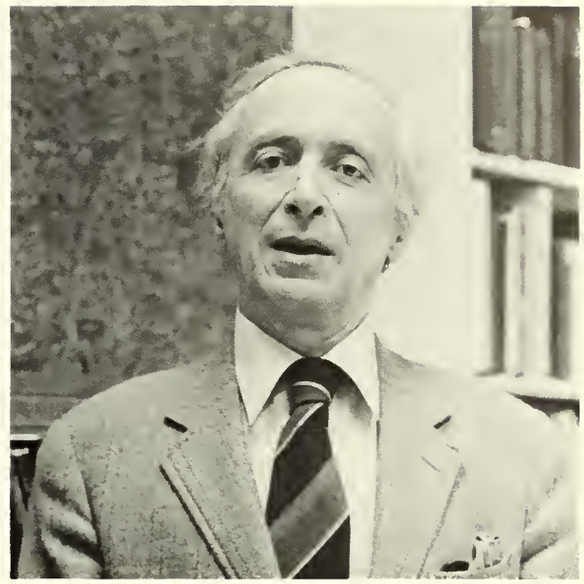
JANICE THADDEUS



CATHARINE STIMPSON

LOIS EBIN

MAIRE KURRIK

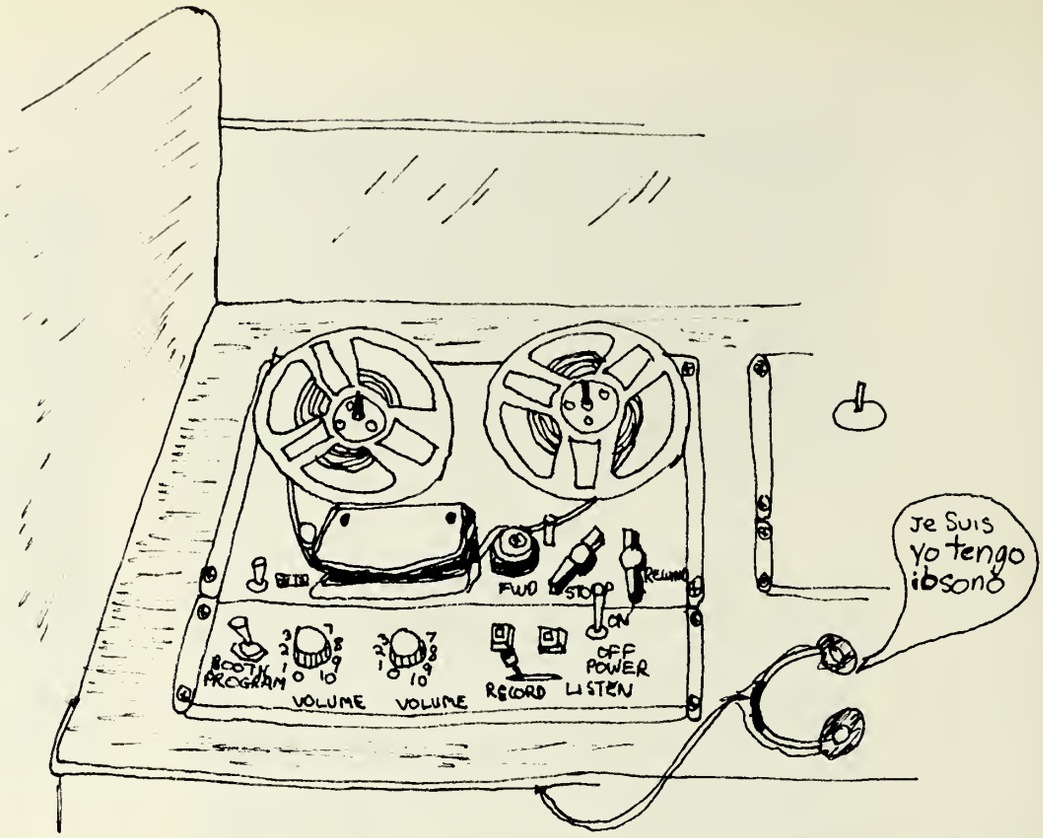


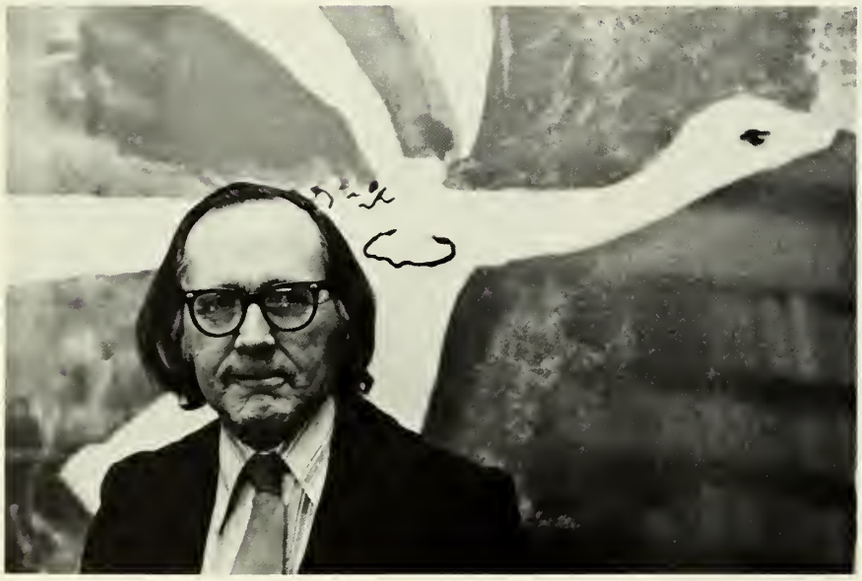
DAVID ROBERTSON

CHRISTINE ROYER

RUTH KIVETTE

# FRENCH



LEROY BREUNIG

MAURICE SHRODER

PATRICIA TERRY

CHARLES POTTER


TATIANA GREENE

SERGE GAVRONSKY

HOAN PHAM

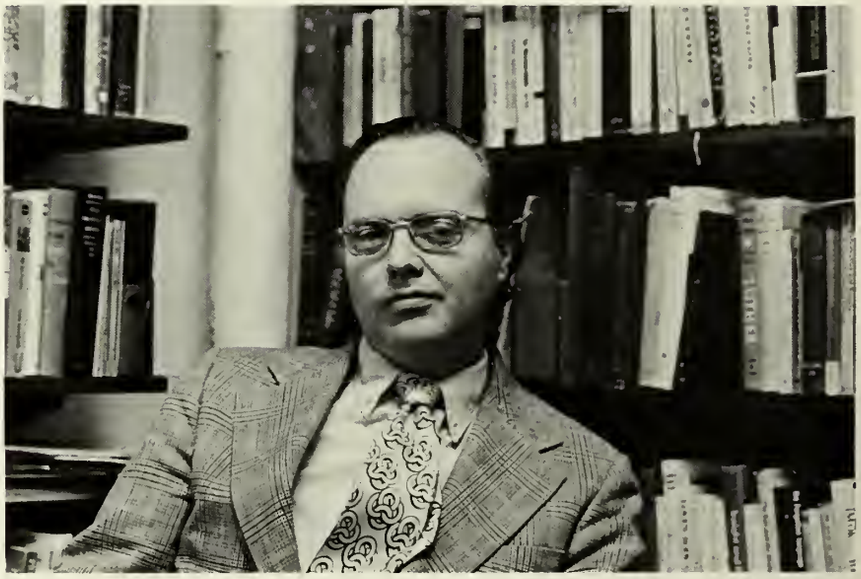
HELEN BAILEY

# GERMAN

BRIGITTE BRADLEY


GERTRUD SAKRAWA

MARVIN SHULMAN

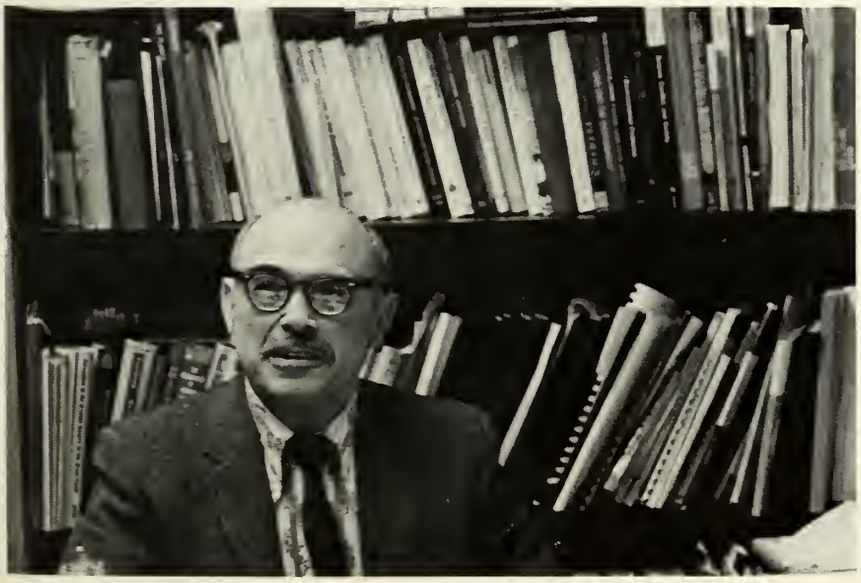


FREDERICK PETERS

# GEOLOGY

JOHN SANDERS

# GEOGRAPHY



LEONARD ZOBLER

TOBY BERGER

# GREEK AND LATIN

HELEN BACON

LYDIA LENAGHAN

# ITALIAN

MARIA GRAZIA DiPAOLO

ANN SHEFFIELD

MARISTELLA LORCH

# HISTORY

CHILTON WILLIAMSON

SUZANNE WEMPLE

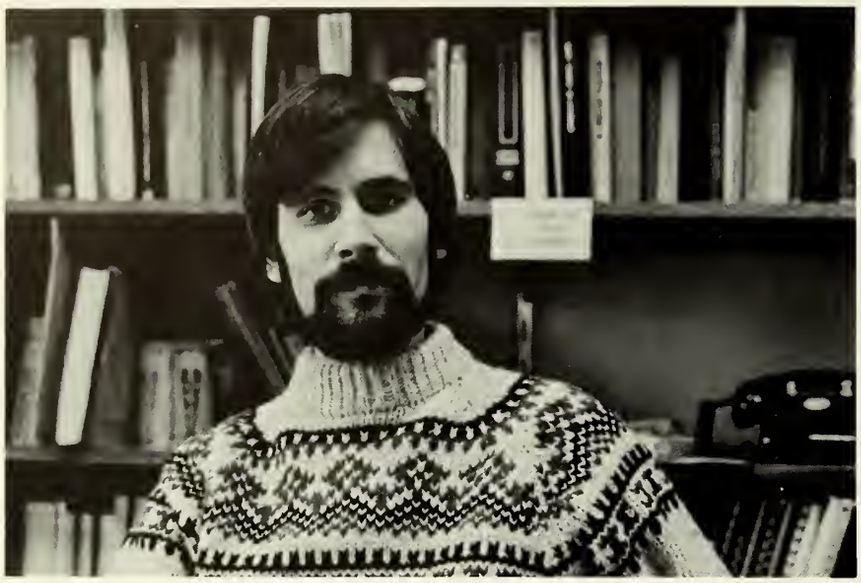

JOHN CHAMBERS with NANCY LERNER '77

ROBERT McCAUGHEY

ANNETTE BAXTER

DARLENE LEVY

# LINGUISTICS



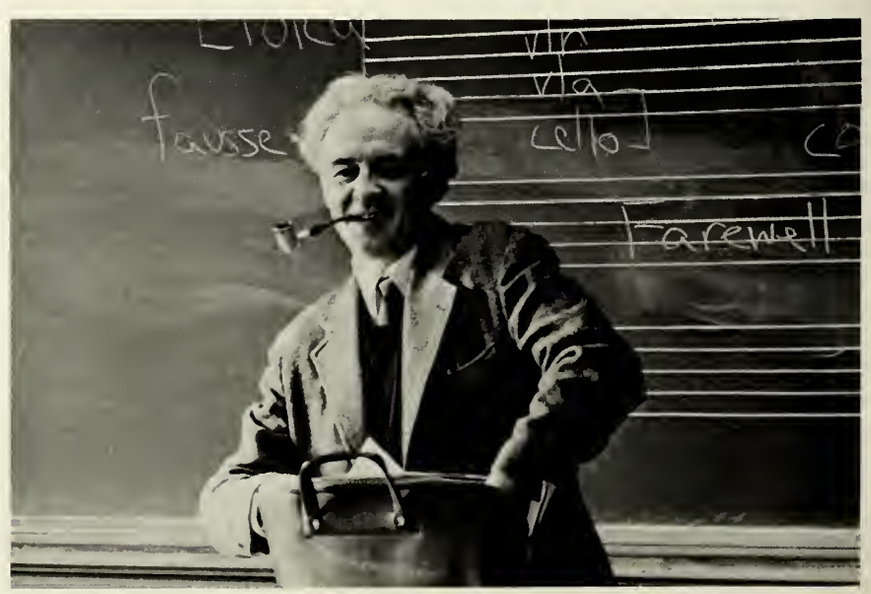
RICHARD WOJCIK

JOSEPH MALONE

# MUSIC

HUBERT DORIS

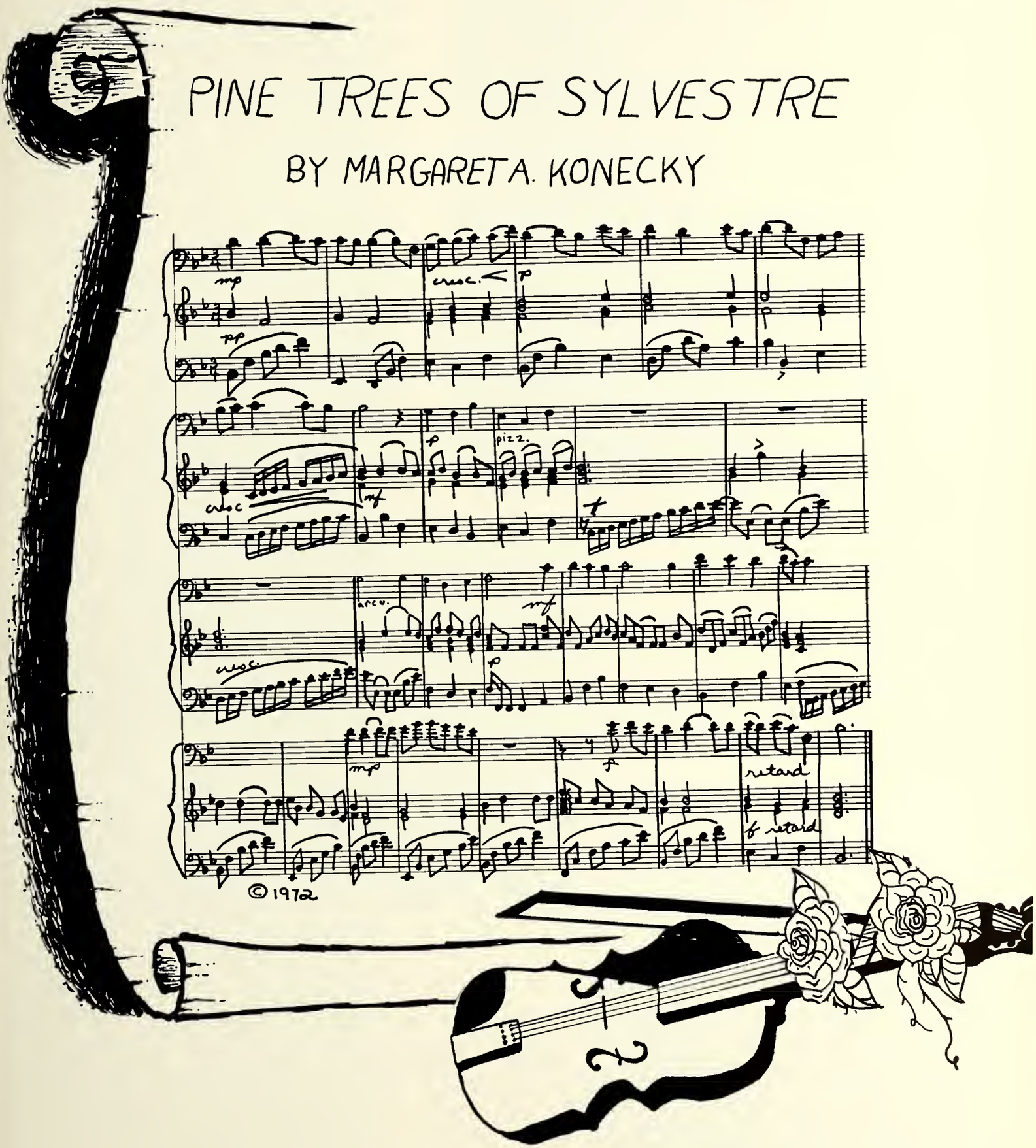
PETER SCHUBERT




JACQUES-LOUIS MONOD

# PINE TREES OF SYLVESTRE

BY MARGARET A. KONECKY



# ORIENTAL STUDIES

JOSEPH MESKILL

BARBARA MILLER

# PHYSICS

JOAN BIRMAN

SAMUEL DEVONS

# MATHEMATICS

# PHILOSOPHY


ONORA O'NEILL

SUE LARSON

JEFFREY BLUSTEIN

MARY MOTHERSILL

REBECCA GOLDSTEIN

# PHYSICAL EDUCATION

BARBARA FITTS

MARION ROSENWASSER

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MARION PHILIPS

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PETER JUVILER

RICHARD PIOUS

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FLORA DAVIDSON

# PSYCHOLOGY

MARY PARLEE

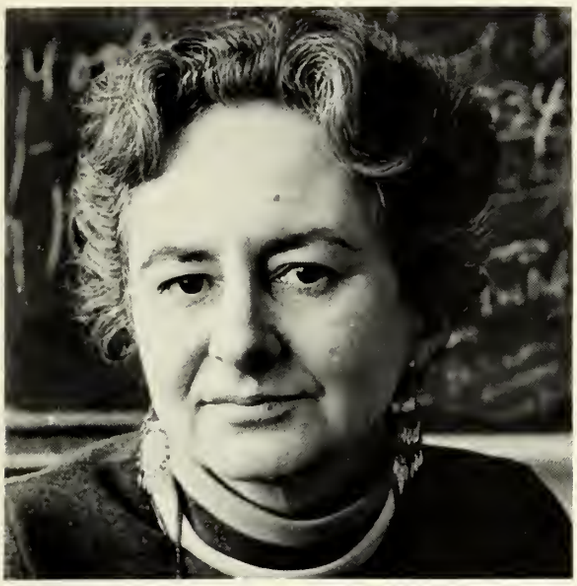
RICHARD YOUTZ

GEORGE KELLING

SANDRA STINGLE

CAROL RAYE

LILA BRAINE



FRANCES SCHACTER

PETER BALSAM

RAE SILVER

# RELIGION

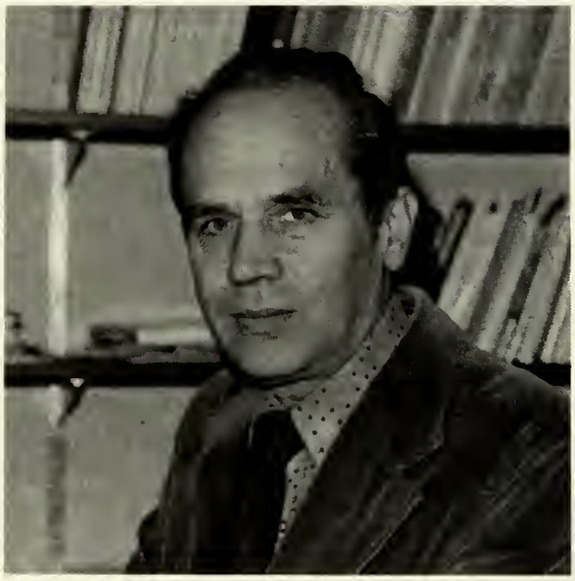
MARILYN HARRAN

DAVID SPERLING

# RUSSIAN

MARIANNA SAPRONOW

ZOYA TRIFUNOVICH



ANATOL SAPRONOW

# SOCIOLOGY

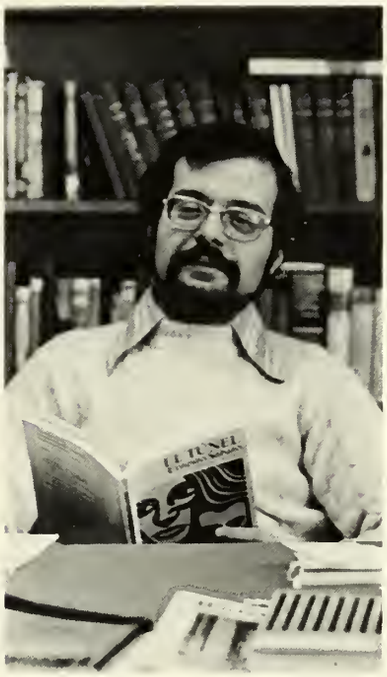
BERNARD BARBER

MARINA LEDKOVSKY

JAMES WENDT

# SPANISH

MIRELLA SERVODIDIO



JAMES CRAPOTTA

MARCELO CODDOU

HELENE FARBER DeAGUILAR

VILMA BORNEMANN

LUZ CASTANOS

ENRIQUE GIORDANO

BARBARA SCHMITTER (Dean of Studies)

BRETT COMBS (Bursar)

DORIS COSTER (Dean of Students)

LINDA McCANN (Assistant Bursar)

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VIRGINIA SHAW
(Faculty Secretary)

REMINGTON PATTERSON
(Dean of Faculty)

JOANNE LORANGE (Associate Dean of Students)

SUE BOLMAN (Career Placement)

SALLIE SLATE (Public Relations)

JON REARDON (Assistant Dean of Students)

# ADMINISTRATION

MAXINE WEISSMAN (Public Relations)

HARRY ALBERS (Vice President for Administration)

DORIS MILLER (Administrative Assistant)

HELEN McCANN (Admissions)

RAY BOYLAN (Security)

JANE GOULD (Director of the Women's Center)

PATRICIA BALLOU (Librarian)

MARYELLEN TUCKER (Librarian)

# HEALTH SERVICE

LELA ANDERSON

JOAN SWENSON

MARY LUCA

MARIANNE GELBER

HARRIET MOGUL

AUDREY-JEAN SHEEHY

My parents were anxious, for some obscure reason, to learn of the efficacy of my education. I tried to deter them from this path of questioning by providing amusing tales of oversleeping for class, but they were persistent. They wanted to know if their life savings were well-spent.

When I first came to Barnard I was very involved in getting the requirements over with as quickly as possible. It didn't matter who the professor or what time the class, as long as I'd emerge with nothing on my conscience like an unfulfilled phys. ed. requirement.

Gradually I came to realize that it was not the "squiggle" (since abolished) that was important — it was the scheduling. Therefore, I only scheduled classes for three days a week with no breaks. The idea was to get all the classes over with as soon as possible. This in turn led to an inevitable cutting of the 10:00 class, and a strong reluctance to attend the 1:00.

My habits changed in college as I formed my own lifestyle, and the semester finally arrived when I was no longer a "morning person." Neither was I particularly an "afternoon person," but no longer was it feasible to schedule classes before 1 p.m. After a full night of serious drinking and smoking with my friends, I could hardly be expected to rouse myself for anything much earlier.

There was a short craze of scheduling classes according to whether the professor had a interesting name. But finally I had finished my requirements in all non-major fields, and was ready to concentrate on the subject I liked best.

Or second best. After all, there is no writing major, so I majored in English literature with a writing concentration. This meant establishing the fourth floor of Barnard Hall as my residence for four years.

There were other courses and departments I found satisfaction in, particularly in the Experimental College. Not enough people take advantage of this program's opportunities for creative and self-structured learning.

Was there a course that changed my life? I found that my talents do not lie in calculus nor my interests in anthropology, but there was no one course which ultimately steered me towards my life goals. Professors were sometimes pompous, sometimes self-impressed, and sometimes too busy for a floundering student. But one gets out of a course what one puts in (say the academic sages), and although slumming through college is a talent, it reaps few benefits.

— Jamie Bernard


CARBONATE ROCK
APPROACHES
CARBONATE ROCKS
REINVENTING ANTHROPOLOGY
The Origin of Land
UPDOS

Incompletes to complete — yearbook pictures to select — and diploma cards to file. Plus, of course, the inevitable applications and/or resumes to pore over, cry over, die over? And please — don't mention my senior thesis. Some things are better left unsaid.

Let us just say that one more class of seniors is about to depart — if we can ever get around to arrange it.


BC

MARIE KING

ROCHELLE B. WEISS

ARUNASHREE RAO

ELLYN SPRAGINS

DEBORAH A. WALDMAN

AMY STRAGE

BARBARA J. KOBLENZ

ROCHELLE STRENGER

KATHERINE SWENSON

LIA A. TARENZI

SUSAN D. WEBER

LAURIE A. FELDMAN

PATRICIA MC KENNA

POPPY S. GANDLER


SIMCHA SHTULL

MICHELE J. COSTELLO

LORI A. SOLINGER

LINDA-JO SAUNDERS

MARTHA JORDAN

ELIZABETH Y. KAUFER

PATRICIA A. STERLING

JAMIE FIELDS

THERESA A. PEARSE

SUSAN J. ONUMA

STELLA Y. CHIN

ELIZABETH M. ROACH

FRANCINE JUE

MELISSA J. REEVES

GAIL BLOCK

CHRISTINE MAHONEY

CAROL GROSS

SUSAN BOUGESS

ZELJKA KOZUL

SUSAN VICTORIA

JOYCE FRIEDMAN

ZEHRA CAGARLI

BEVERLY ANNE HARTER

KAREN A. BJORKMAN

KATHERINE RIVERA

MIRIAM VIALIZ

ELLEN GOLDSTEIN

MARIE FOSCARINIS

BETH I. MARGOLIS

LORIAN F. PERALTA-RAMOS

MADELINE ARROYO

MICHELLE S. ADLER

JUDY RATTNER

JOYCE PERLMUTTER

KORENNA SEREDA

THEODORA ZIONGAS

ZAHAVA BRICKMAN

ANN MARIE O'BRIEN

WINSOME J. LESLIE

MARCIA JEAN FELTH

ANNE RICHTMAN

EMILY HEILBRUN

WENDY LIFF

LOUISA FOYE

HELENE TEPER

IRJA-LEENA HEINO

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LINDA TAGER

CATHERINE LEVESQUE

BETTY G. MAH

SANDRA L. CHUNG

ARLENE H. VOGL

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CYNTHIA A. PETRILLO

IRENE MAGRAMM

RIVKA L. WIDERMAN

MICHELE K. EVANS

LINDA S. CHIN

LESLIE A. DIENES

WENDY A. MARSHALL

CAPRI FILLMORE

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JILL P. ALTMAN

SHARON THEEMAN

JANE IRIS FARHI

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DARLENE M. WATSON

ANNE WIGGLESWORTH

ROSE LEUNG

RITA KATZ

ANNE BUCHEISTER

REBECCA GREEN

MIRANDA R. WARREN

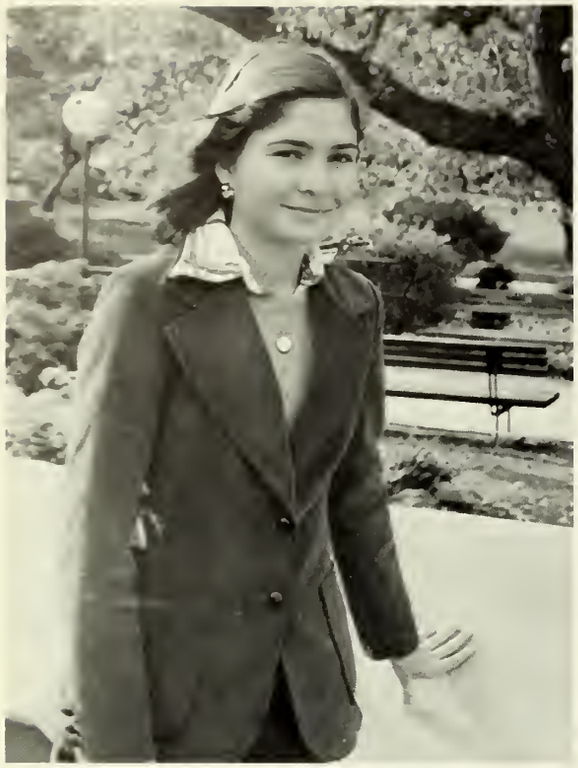
DEBORAH F. BRANDRISS

REBECCA KAPELL

JAN CASADEI

IULIANA DUMITRESCU

CAROL ERLICH



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WENDY B. KIRSHENBAUM

ELENA J. LEON

VIRGINIA L. KAN

ILEEN J. PALEY

MARTHA C. YEPES

YU WEN YING

RUTH A. LEIBOWITZ

AMY S. FRIEDMAN

ELIZABETH A. BALAIAN

MAGDALENA M. PLEWINSKI

BETTY LUNG

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JACQUELINE A. KOCH

LISA A. CAMMETT

NANCY W. CHIN

GINA CARRION

HINDE FERTIG

DORIS M. EGAN

LESLIE R. HECHT

BETH WOHLGELERNTER

MEI-KUM CHOW


DEBBIE GILLESPIE

DEBORAH JACOBS

AGNES ONG

NOEL BELINSKI

MARIANTHE COLAKIS

L'TANYA KEITH

PAMELA DARROCH

LUCY H. LEE

EILEEN STEINBERG

ENID ROSA

JUDITH L. ROSENZWEIG

KAREN KRANZLER

DEBRA MINOWITZ

AMY GERMAN

SHARI RUBIN

SANDRA CUCKSEY

RUTH MARQUIS

JOAN FELDSTEIN

YU-FEI WU

KATHERINE M. RAYMOND

MARGARET BROADDUS

ADELE PARSONS

RUTH E. HOROWITZ

LORRAINE A. WATSON

JACQUELINE MCEWEN

HAILA KLEINMAN

ROSALIND AXELROD

CAROLE J. MAHONEY

MICHELLE NEUMANN

AMY J. MELTZER

LAURA MARQUEZ

SHAREN F. MAILMAN

ELIZABETH M. WIZENBERG

LESLIE A. MORGAN

ELIZABETH MEDNICK

SUNIA ZATERMAN

MICHELE HALBERIAN

THERESA M. RACHT

NANCY ALICEA

PEGGY E. CHERNIN

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MICHELLE E. DENSEN

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PATRICIA A. HERRING

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EILEEN P. GREENBERG

JANE ROFFIS

ENID KRASNER

WINNIE LUN

MARY WONG

KAREN OSTBERG

JANE KESTENBAUM

MARY ANN LOFRUMENTO

RYZA WEINSTEIN

MICHELLE POPOWSKY

DEBORAH LEIBLER

DEBORAH EPSTEIN

FRANCINE BENZAKEN

SUZANNE M. MONACO

KIM BOBO

MONITA BUCHWALD

DONNA P. CERUTTI

YAEL SEPTEE

ELLEN MELTZER

NIVINE CAPTAN

BETH M. BERCOVITZ

VALERIE BURKE

EVELYN BERGER

SYDNEY S. COALE

CHARMAINE E. DOWNIE

JILL HOWARD

BARBARA HAVLENA

ANN D. LOUGHLIN

SEMADAR BARZEL

FAITH PAULSEN

EVA WIENER

JANICE B. PRIDE

BETH NEUMARK

CYNTHIA J. ROBINSON

JOANNA LISANTI

SYBIL CUMBERBATCH

LORI WEINTRAUB

KAREN PALMORE

ESTHER SOLTERO

TRACY A. FLANAGAN

PAMELA MARGOSHES

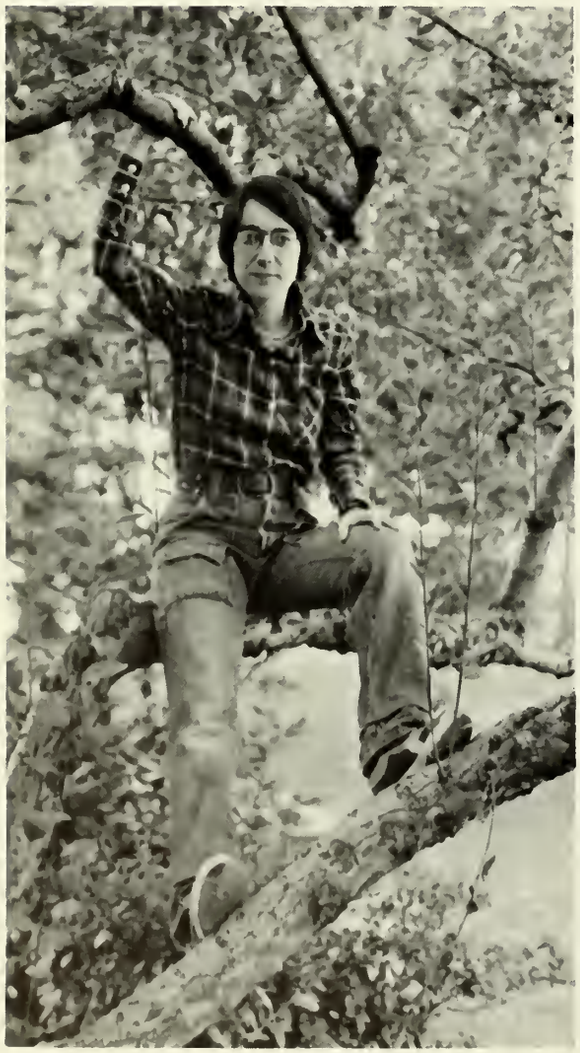
PATRICIA J. ROCHE

CARYN GORDEN

CYNTHIA FIGUEROA

LUCINDA M. FINLEY

GAIL G. ABRAMSON



JANET BLAIR

CHEE Y. CHIN

BARBARA BLYTHE

JUSTINE M. CLARK

GAIL E. BIRNBAUM

NANCY CROWN

TIM TAI KO

ELAINE M. WONG

MARY E. RANKIN

RANI SCOTT

LAYNE TOOLIN

FLORENCE FONG

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SUSAN R. MARCH

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ANNIE D. CHOU

HENRIETTE FUCHS

LUCY Y. HSU

MAUREEN GRADY

KAREN CHARNOFF

RUTH SZYMKOWICZ

EIJA HEINO

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SALLY MAYER

CELIA WEISMAN

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MARGARET LOVE

ELLEN K. PRIOR

JULIE G. BEITZ

ELLEN ZIMMERMAN

ADELE WEITZMAN

SUSAN LEBEDA

ALICE CARDULLO

JOAN SMALLWOOD

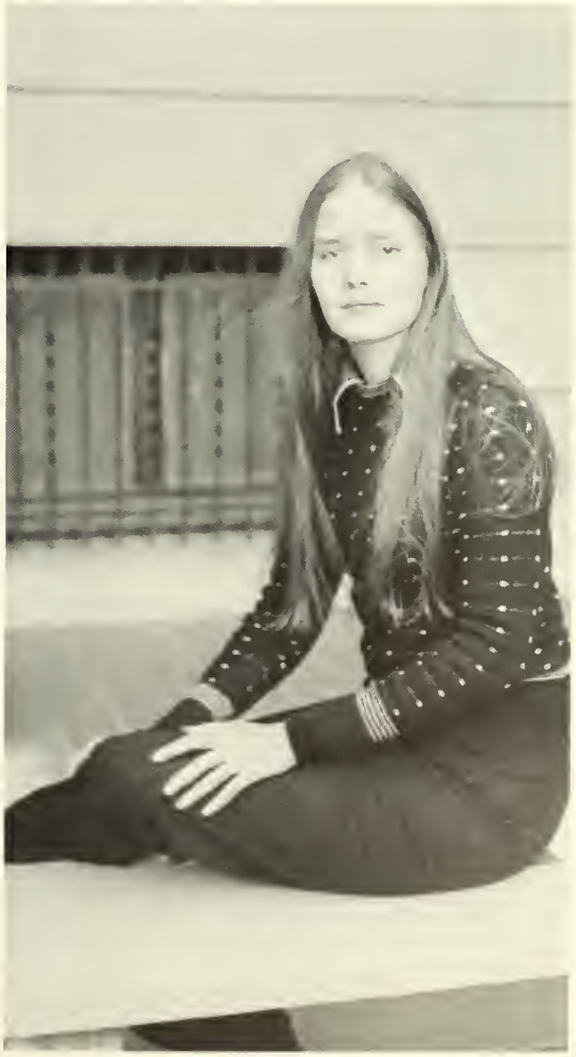
SIGRID SCHRODER

MARY FARRINGTON

ELIZABETH GRIDIN

MARGARET KONECKY

AURORA ARES



MARY BARTLETT

HELEN MONDERER

NORA LITWAK

KAREN ANN LALSINGH

AMY SCHWARTZMAN

GRACE C. GILINGER

JOANN PORTER

MARIAN R. CHERTOW

LINETTE RONKIN

ALISON LAINE KNOPF

ANDREA SHEPARD

EVA E. KALDOR

SUSAN CASTRONUOVO

DEBORAH CHERTOK

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YOSEFA SHLISELBERG

IVONNE MORALES

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HELEN REIBEL

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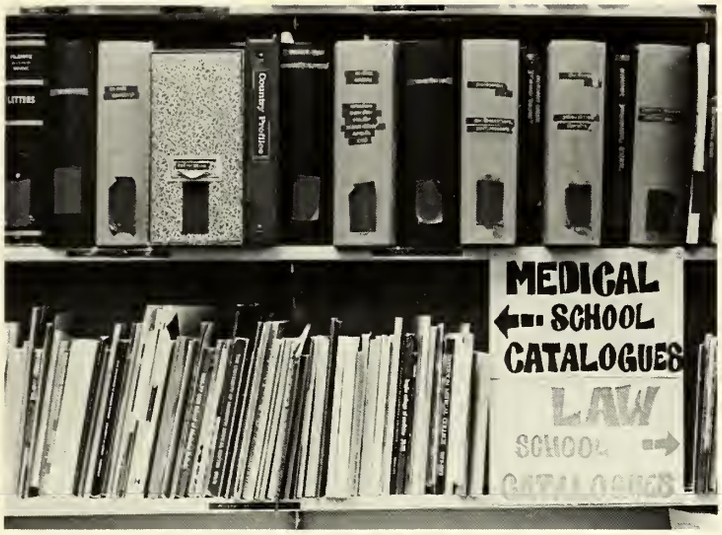
MARY SHAWN REININGER





I knew I was ready to graduate when . . .

. . . I attended my fourth Orientation (one as a freshman, three as a sponsor) and decided I wasn't jealous of my sponsees for starting out anymore.

. . . I found College Library during finals to be quite tedious. Either no one was doing anything good anymore, or I was just too old.

. . . I couldn't remember when I had last attended a McIntosh dance.

. . . I found myself telling the freshmen in my archery class stories about the Lion's Den, now a relic of the distant past.

. . . I worried more about my recommendations than my grades.

. . . I decided I could not spend another semester sharing my dorm room with a hoard of roaches.

. . . Floor activities turned dull. It just wasn't fun to penny someone in or stay up drinking till 7 a.m. anymore.

. . . I found I had too many books for my shelves.

. . . I started wondering if I should take an incomplete in senior thesis.

. . . I refused to have classes on more than three days a week.

. . . I didn't mind going home to visit.

. . . I decided it would be nice to live like a normal person and go home after work, instead of seeing the same old campus, the same old faces, day after day after day . . .


500

For those of us who once pictured ourselves in college in a bucolic environment, passing quiet times reading Descartes in a tree house, watching the grass grow, or making footprints in the snow, a week at Barnard began our search for viable alternatives. Barnard's boasts of New York City as its playground motivates us to find substitutes for cliche collegiate activities.

What to do when life stops being a Cabaret, nothing seems so great about owning New York across the street from Columbia, you'd just assume give regards to Broadway for good, and east side, west side etc., looks more like Hell's kitchen than the home of the Yankees? Go Visiting. Visiting is a favorite sport at Barnard for residents and commuters alike. Since Barnard students tend to live at all four quarters of the campus, making several visits in a row is the perfect way to work off the package of devil dogs you injested at a weak moment. Everyone knows that Barnard students are never in their rooms unless they are expecting visitors, so equip yourself with a purple flair and a pad of paper if you are dropping by unannounced, since you will most likely want to leave a note at the door where there is no doodle board. Make yourself comfortable: sit down in the hall, being careful to avoid the roaches who may be competing for space, and compose a message.

Next to getting phone calls, there is nothing like an entertaining note to make a Barnard student feel loved, so even if you are feeling rotten, be amusing (you may come up with some good ideas for your creative writing class).

If your hostess is in, she might invite you to sit on her unmade bed, apologize for a week's worth of dirty underwear strewn all over the room and listen to you complain about your love life and the economics midterm you failed. If you are lucky, she will give you tea with her sympathy, or maybe even hot chocolate prepared on her hotplate.

If you don't feel like socializing, and are determined to find the urban equivalent of the traditional collegiate passtimes, with a little imagination you could discover; the carols on the second floor of Barnard library are almost like a tree house; watching the soot fall on your favorite windowsill requires powers of concentration similar to those used to watch the grass grow; and making footprints on a freshly cemented sidewalk provides the same creative outlet as tramping through a blanket of snow, with results a lot more permanent.

— Deborah Jacobs


W 42 ST
TIMES
ONE
TAXI
NO
PARKING


coffee
20
COLD DRINKS
ANDREA SHEPARD

WANTED: the typical Barnard Commuter. Substantial reward for anyone else able to provide conclusive proof that she exists.

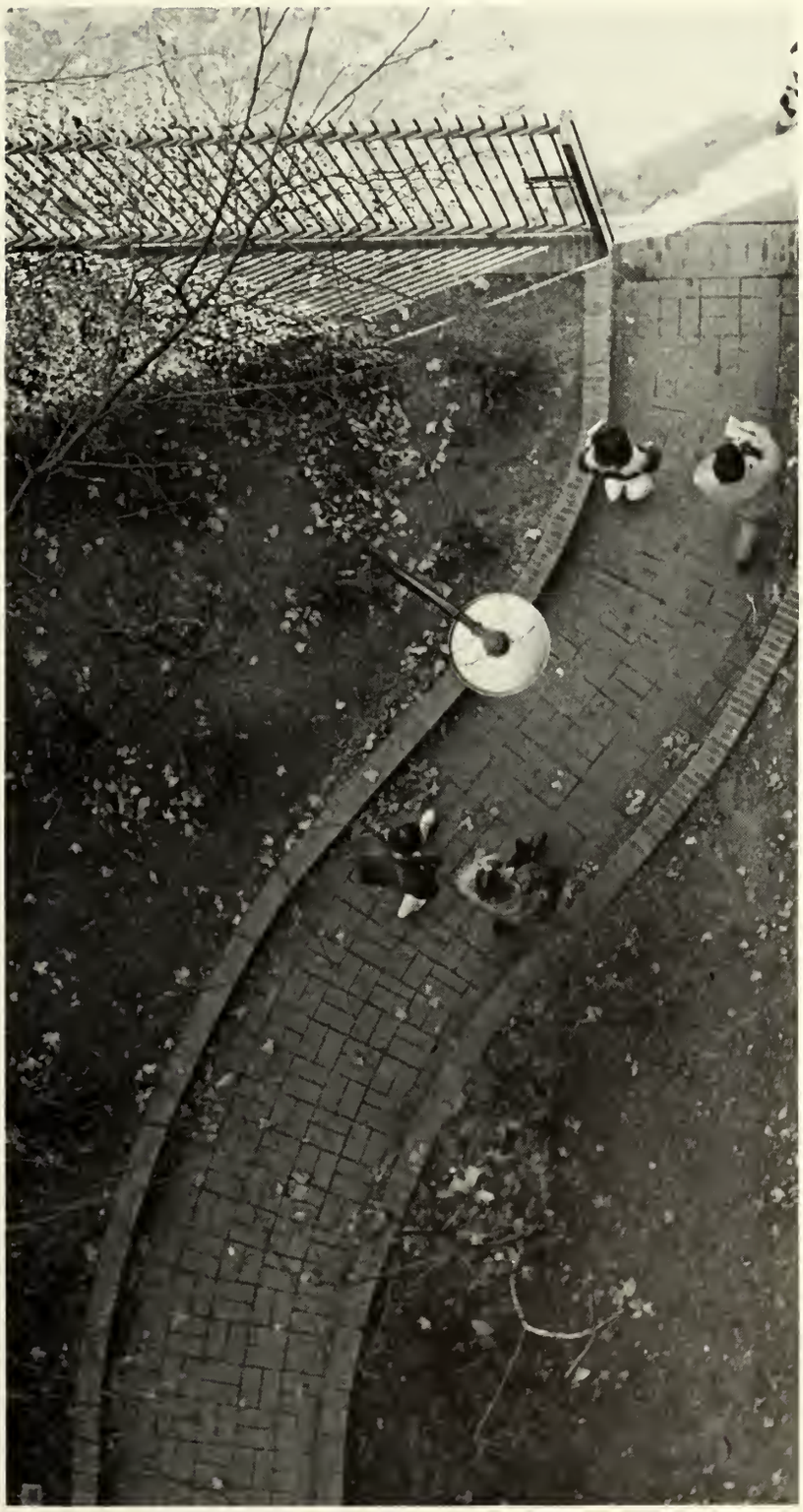
PROBABLE WHEREABOUTS: Lives too far from the campus for comfort. Sometimes seems to spend half her time at the bus stop or train station, especially when in a hurry. Discovered in freshman year that unless you live in Times Square or Penn Station, it is impossible to get to the Columbia area without changing trains or buses at least once. Supposedly hangs out in McIntosh between classes but didn't discover it was a commuter hangout (or anything but an inconvenient location for mailboxes) until halfway through freshman year. May be seen at said mailboxes at least once a semester, claiming her accumulated letters, Placement Office newsletters, and frantic notices from the Bursar's Office while listening with one ear to the incomprehensible dialogue emanating from the nearby daily all-afternoon bridge game in the lounge. Spends a lot of time in the library or, if an English major, in the James Room. May carry a bag lunch or buy food which she sureptitiously eats in the library to save time while studying.

COMMENTS: May be armed with a heavy load of books and is dangerous, especially to occasional subway riders who unflatteringly equate skirt wearers with fashion fanatics while standing near the edge of the platform. Is expert at elbow to elbow combat in shoving-to-the-nearest-seat matches on trains and buses. Has mistakenly taken the express past 96th Street at least once and lived to tell the tale (but not by walking through the park). Is a connossieur of subway grafitti and inane advertising posters, especially those at the Columbia stop. Could have graduated within six months if Barnard gave credit for experience in ignoring strolling subway car beggars with accordians, discordant singing voices, and/or religious tracts, or for expertise in the fine art of dealing more or less (in) effectively with underground harrassers who want heaven knows what (it helps to be bigger than they are and walk fast). Dislikes tokens and being the token commuter in clubs and other extracurricular activities. Is suspicious of any city, including her resident classmates' places of origin, that lacks a grimy subway system which stays open all night and has a terrible reputation.


DESCRIPTION: Said to look suspiciouly like the woman in any ad in Mademoiselle or Glamour. Her overloaded totebag (Gucci, of course) and harrassed expression at the mention of public transportation are good clues to her student status, but she can most easily be spotted on public vehicles by the Organic Chemistry or French literature text she is trying to read. Members of this group often attempt to conceal their dubious living arrangements by wearing jeans and old shirts and sweaters or other casual student garb and carrying knapsacks. However, deep down they are all as mancrazy as F.I.T. chicks, with the result that their native costume includes beautifully cut skirts of the currently fashionable length, panty-hose, dressy shoes suitable for walking through trash littered subways, and noticeable amounts of jewelry and make-up.

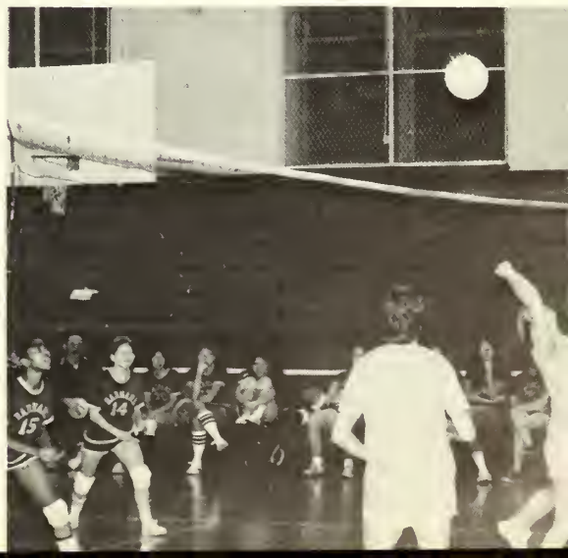
HABITS: Arises at an hour of the morning when most residents are still peacefully asleep. Curses nine o'clock classes frequently. Usually leaves the house at least fifteen minutes too late to get to school on time without improbably spectacular connections. Arrives home just in time for supper (homecooked). Complains often about public transportation, unopenable commuter mailboxes, and the inconsiderateness of people who invariably schedule extracurricular activities at an hour when all sane commuters are home digesting their dinners. Does not participate in discussions about the terrible food in Hewitt Cafeteria, the relative merits of restaurants on the Heights, the intricacies of the housing lottery and the various meal plans, or the difficulties of getting a flight home for Christmas without having to leave the day before her bio final. Votes for the undergrad candidates who support overnight commuter housing and never hears anything more about it. Wonders why the commuters are considered the problems when they're supposedly more than 50% of the student body. Talks frequently of applying for campus housing next semester and/or wonders why all residents assume it is every commuter's highest ambition to unnecessarily spend large sums of money for minimum-comfort housing and minimum edibility food. Fights with parents and siblings instead of suitemates and lovers in the next dorm, and resents it when residents conjecture that commuters are under the parental thumb too much to leave the nest. Knows many residents and former commuters but few currently of her own kind, and none who live near her own out-of-the-way abode.

— Margaret O'Connell


TENNIS TEAM
VOLLEYBALL TEAM
TEAM CAPTAINS

RIDING CLUB
FENCING TEAM
ARCHERY TEAM

# HOMECOMING


COLUMBIA
BARNARD
andrea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SODA-SNACKS
DISCO MUSIC
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BARNARD COLLEGE
MAIN GATE - BWAY - 117th ST.
Tickets
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STUDENTS AND MEMBERS
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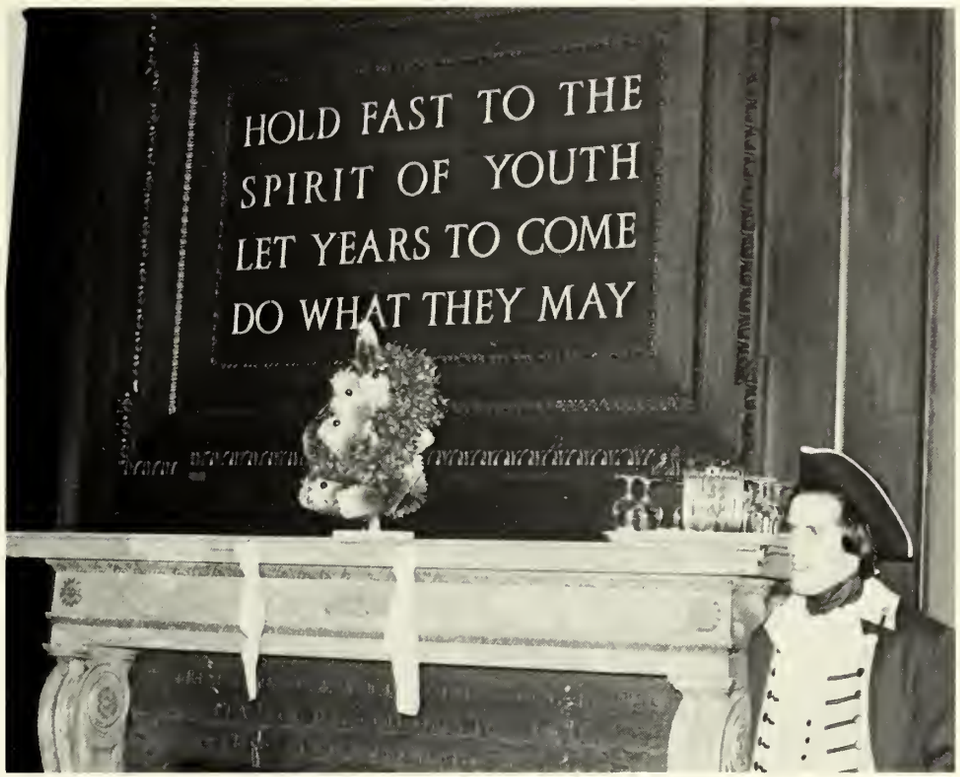
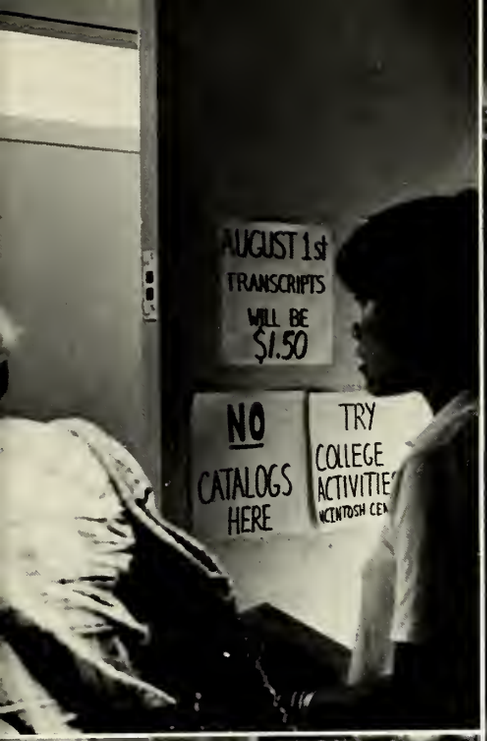
# Yule Log Ceremony





AUGUST 1st
TRANSCRIPTS
WILL BE
$1.50
NO
CATALOGS
HERE
TRY
COLLEGE
ACTIVITIE

ANN LOUGHLIN

MAY MAY GONG

ANDREA SHEPARD

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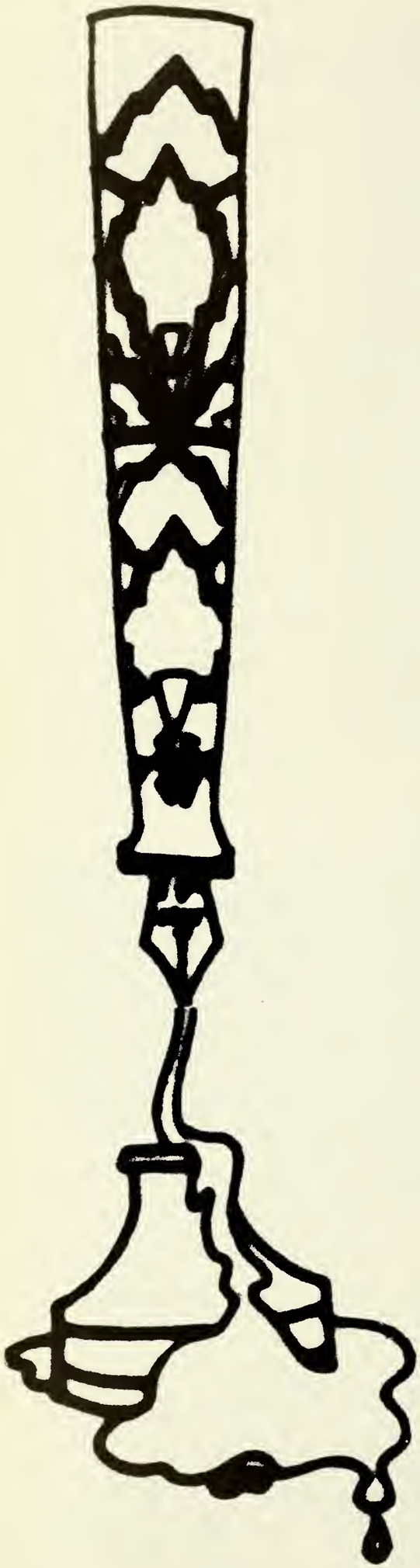

MARGARET KONECKY

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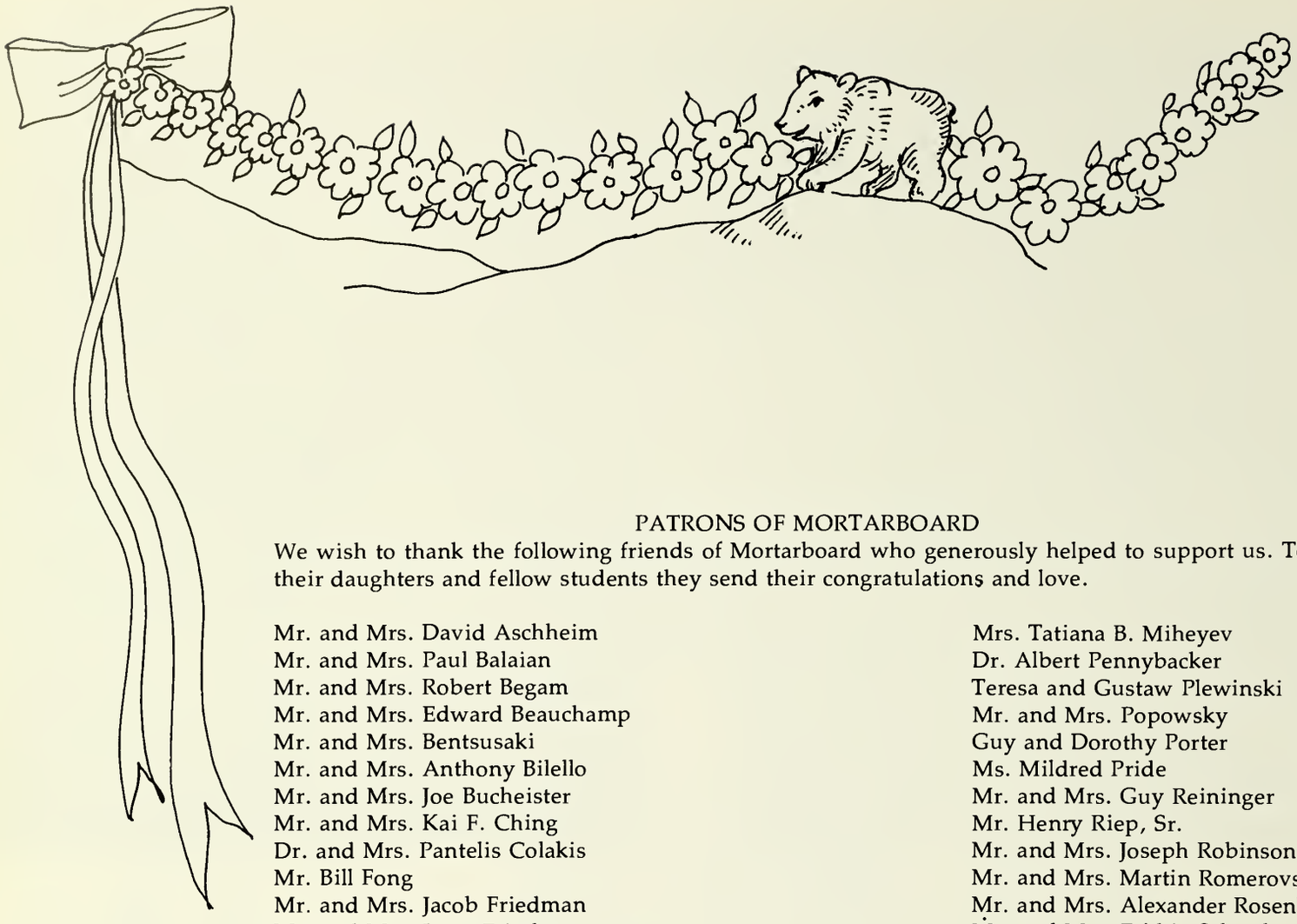

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To Our Dearest Caryn: May your path in life be prepared for you with good health, much happiness and great success. Love always, Gordon, Sternklar and Malitzky families.

To Ruth: Lots of love and good luck from Mom, Dad and Ellen.

Congratulations Ruth Marquis and continued success in the field of psychology. Love all the family.

Good luck to all 77'ers from Mr. and Mrs. James W. Loughlin.

Congratulations and Best Wishes to "Big Red" and her Barnard classmates from Mr. and Mrs. Eliot G. Chertok.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Squeo extend their best wishes to the class of 1977 for health, happiness and dreams-come-true.

Take it to the Limit . . .
One More Time
Beth, Jude, Lizzie and You-Know-Who

Congratulations to Margaret Konecky, our third daughter to graduate from Barnard. Love, Mother and Dad.

TA-KOME

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Wishes the Seniors all the best.

"New York City may have the World's Fair but Barnard has the World's Fairest!"

JEAN MORRIS LOUGHLIN '39



"Right after the Spirit of '76
Comes the Spirit of '77!"

Mr. and Mrs. James W. Loughlin

Best Wishes from the Undergraduate Association of
Barnard College to the Class of 1977

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The Associate Alumnae of
Barnard College

Welcome the Class of 1977 to membership

The association links together the graduates and women who have completed at least one year of study. Its purpose is to promote the interests of Barnard College and to further a spirit of fellowship among its members.

You will receive four copies of the alumnae magazine each year. It is important that you notify us of any change of address so that we can send the magazine to you and keep our records up to date. If you are travelling or moving to another community we will be glad to put you in touch with the alumnae in the area. There are 40 to 50 alumnae groups throughout the United States and abroad whose members are happy to welcome newcomers and travelers. Be sure to keep us up to date on your future plans!

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The Scholar and the Feminist III



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